GOEY

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 46. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

Oatine FACE CREAM

Is this on your Dressing Table?

If not, you can have it there FREE!

Oatine Face Cream should be on every Dressing Table, as all who value their comfort and appearance insist on having it there. It is the one thing that keeps the skin healthy and the complexion clear and clean. It not only makes the skin look clean, but makes it feel clean, which is equally important.

Oatine Face Cream is as valuable to men as it is to ladies. It is manufactured from the healing essence of the finest Oats, and is a natural cleansing agent. It does what soap and water cannot do: it gets down into the pores and clears away the dirt and grime embedded there. The dirt within or below the skin is the root of all complexion troubles, and unless this is removed it is impossible to possess a really healthy skin or perfect complexion.

Oatine Face Cream effectively relieves the irritation occasioned by shaving owing to its healing properties. It should be gently rubbed in immediately after shaving, or, better still, rubbed into the beard overnight or before the morning shave, as this has the effect of softening the beard in the most astonishing manner, rendering shaving far easier and simpler than it is in the ordinary way.

Oatine Shaving Cream.—To ensure a clean and comfortable shave use good shaving soap, such as either the **Oatine Shaving Cream** (in tubes) or the **Oatine Shaving Stick,** both of which are British-made and most carefully prepared for the purpose, the cream giving a heavy, and the stick a lighter, close-lying lather, but being alike in this, that both give a free, smooth, lasting, and agreeable lather, that will not dry on the face. If you have not tried either of the **Oatine Soaps** for shaving, do so without delay.

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OUR OFFER.

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We shall be pleased to send to all ladies answering this advertisement a dainty box containing a sample of each of the following preparations: **Oatine Cream, Balm, Face Powder, Soap, Talcum Powder, Tooth Paste, Soap in Tubes, and Kylets,** together with a free copy of our book, "Beauty Hints," which shows how the Oatine preparations should be used and face massage conducted. The dainty box of samples and the booklet are sent absolutely free to all sending 3d. in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing.

TO MEN.

We have made arrangements to send to all gentlemen answering this advertisement a single sample of either **Oatine Cream, Oatine Shaving Soap,** or **Oatine Shaving Cream,** or for 3d. in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing, we will send a box of eight of the Oatine preparations, including those of special interest to men, **Oatine Cream, Talcum Powder, Shaving Stick,** and **Shaving Cream.** We recommend all gentlemen to send for these without delay and personally test these unique preparations.

THE OATINE CO., 79, DENMAN STREET, S.E.

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This done, return to us, and we will dispatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-Bells you have selected. Use them *free of charge* for seven days, and at the end of this time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for **2/6** as your first payment, and the Balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of **2/6** each.

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With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

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Everybody has the opportunity of proving the truth of the claim we make for the Grip Dumb-Bells. No references or other formalities are necessary—we trust you. We don't wish to labour the point, fill in the form below and try them for yourself for 7 days free of all cost.

The surest and quickest way to health and strength is systematic exercise, and the ideal exercise is obtained by regular use of Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells. They give every muscle and organ of the body that exercise which nature *demands*, because, if perfect health and strength are to be acquired, exercise is as necessary as food.

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Gentlemen,—Please send me by return, post free, one pair* of your

Gentlemen's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells at ... ... **12s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 18 and upwards.

Youths' ... ... **10s. 6d.**
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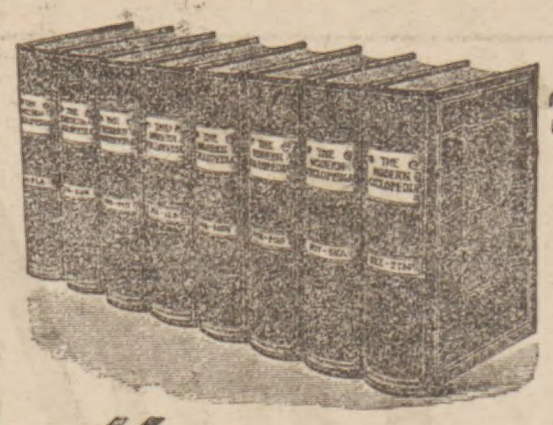
This order is given on condition that after seven days' *Free Trial*, should I decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, I MAY RETURN THEM DIRECT TO THE ABOVE ADDRESS and NO CHARGE WHATEVER WILL BE MADE.

Signed.....

Address .....

* Please cross out sizes not required. .....



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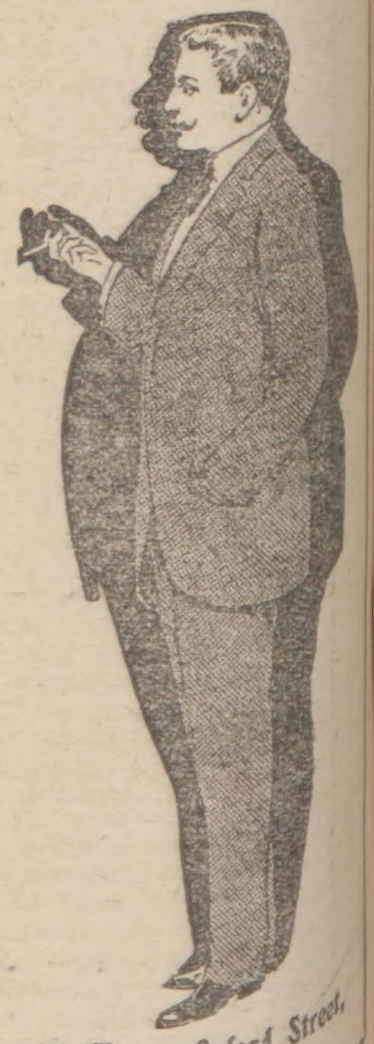

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 46. WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

MY RIFLE—MY PAL.

AN APPRECIATION OF A FRIEND.

"Rifles? Did you ever know a Yeoman who didn't hate a rifle?" This sentence, appearing the other week in the Editor's NOTEBOOK, set me thinking.

As a member of a well-known London Yeomanry regiment myself, I am fully aware of this antipathy, and I must say that I am sorry and somewhat surprised to see it.

Personally, I cannot help looking upon my rifle in the same way as I do my horse—as a sort of chum, a friend on whom I could confidently rely if necessity arose, because it would be the instrument which would enable me to do my little best to assist in defending our beloved country.

I keep it in my bedroom in a corner, and it is the last thing I see before I close my eyes at night (or in the early morning, as the case may be), as well as almost the first object my eye alights on when I awake. In fact, I make it one of my first duties to "pull it through" and take a few imaginary "pots" across the fields from my window.

When I gaze upon it it seems to impart to me a feeling of added strength and security, probably because it is itself the very embodiment of latent power—a power tremendous though terrible, but yet subservient to the will of man, its creator.

There it stands, an inanimate thing of wood and metal, yet capable of dispatching, with deadly, almost uncanny, certainty a terrible messenger of destruction to what appears as a mere speck in the distance, but is really a living being—more wonderful than the rifle, and yet justly afraid of it.

Is it not, therefore, entitled to the respect and admiration of those to whom the country entrusts the handling of it, and on whom the country will rely to use it effectually should an enemy attempt to invade these sacred shores?

To put sentiment aside, however, and come to the practical, I know that a rifle may be some-what of a nuisance at times; that at the trot and canter it makes its presence felt by playfully tapping you on the shoulder-blade, by sending the much-loved new pattern Service cap flying during the process of unslinging, by tiring (and incidentally strengthening) the muscles of your arm during the "advance" and "carry," or by coming between you and the earth when you are thrown.

But, then, you never came across anything you valued which was not a little obstreperous at times—be it your dog, horse, favourite pipe, or even your best girl. After all, this characteristic merely serves to accentuate the value, for are not we sometimes loved for our shortcomings as well as our virtues?

Seriously, however, I should like to see all Yeomen take a greater interest in their rifles and vie with the Infantrymen in healthy competition for the palm for shooting; otherwise it is obvious that the said Infantrymen will be entitled to the satisfaction of knowing that, man for man, they would be of greater value in actual warfare than would the Yeomen.

C. JOHNSTON MUNDY.

CHEEK.

A book has just been issued entitled "The Unlit Lamp," but on perusal of its excellent pages we find no mention of the hero being fined 5s. and costs for riding a bicycle without a light.

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In these days of "chatty" journalism we were not surprised to find the fashion column of a daily referring to a certain "clinging garment" as "smart, but awfully simple." Our grandmothers, who saw nothing beautiful in the too apparent suggestion of the human form, might have termed it simply awful.

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It has just been pointed out by an eminent doctor that cereal-eating nations in the past have always produced the best soldiers. Our Territorials, however, knowing the authorities, alas! too well, still despair of the elimination from their menu of the hard chunks of solid bullock which are like unto doorsteps.

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"Aviators," writes a sarcastic naturalist, "are experiencing considerable difficulty in emulating even the common house sparrow." We seem to have heard, however, of several airships attaching themselves affectionately to roofs and church steeples.

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A newspaper of the silly-season-topic type is asking whether holiday engagements are objectionable. Some of our Territorial friends have frequently pointed out that it is admittedly unwise to show on the sky-line when it is possible to lie in cover, but when stealing cautiously over sandy bunkers they have frequently observed——['Nuff said.—EDITOR.]

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In the summer season it is considered that asking a seaside fishmonger if "things are beginning to hum" is asking for trouble.

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Our Territorial readers may understand the perplexity of a certain "B" squadron captain who, when perusing the comments on the general inspection by an officer noted for brevity, found the one referring to his own squadron to read simply "B good."

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The movement in favour of a Territorial Exhibition next year is meeting with some opposition in the Auxiliary Forces. Naturally few people are keen on making an exhibition of themselves.

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Always remember that a good overcoat covers a multitude of sartorial sins.

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While at one time it was possible to pick out the commoner by his dropping of "h's" in conversation, one can in these days detect an aristocrat by his lack of final "g's."

* * * * * * *

The Kaiser has been giving nicknames wholesale lately to various people. We believe he used to nickname us simply S.F.—silly fools—or was there another letter in place of the "S"?

J. B. PONDERS.

THE ATHLETIC HANGER-ON.

A SPORTING ABUSE.

This is not a tirade against professionalism in sport. We all of us have our views on that subject, and there are pros as well as cons.

But there is a tendency in modern sport which is far less desirable than straightforward professionalism, and it is the more sensational of the daily newspapers that are responsible for it.

It is no uncommon thing for an athlete or a sportsman to be "taken up" by one of the big dailies—especially if he states his ambition of crossing the Channel in some unusual manner. He does not openly receive payment, and one is led to believe that the paper merely takes a kindly interest in him. But exclusive news, interviews, and articles on "Why I Did Not Swim the Channel," and so on, and a general booming of that particular individual make it evident that he is getting something pretty substantial in return for the "copy" that is made out of him.

The athlete of this type—and he is to be found in all branches of sport, not only in connection with swimming, flying, or rowing over the Channel—is really only a hanger-on. He is not an athlete for the love of the thing, but for what he can make out of it by means of newspapers, music-halls, and so on.

The man is posing all the time as an amateur, disinterestedly trying to excel for love of the sport or the hope of undying fame. If he openly admitted that it was his trade, and that the "Daily Lyre" paid him so much a day for being boomed, things would be different.

There are many others whose occupations make them dependent upon the athlete, but theirs is a very different case. They make no pretence to be athletes themselves, though they not infrequently are, and the best of sportsmen into the bargain.

The bath attendant can usually give as good an account of himself in the water as most members of the clubs he serves.

The stableman who ekes out his meagre earnings with tips from the riders of his master's horses, could ride as hard and straight as any of them.

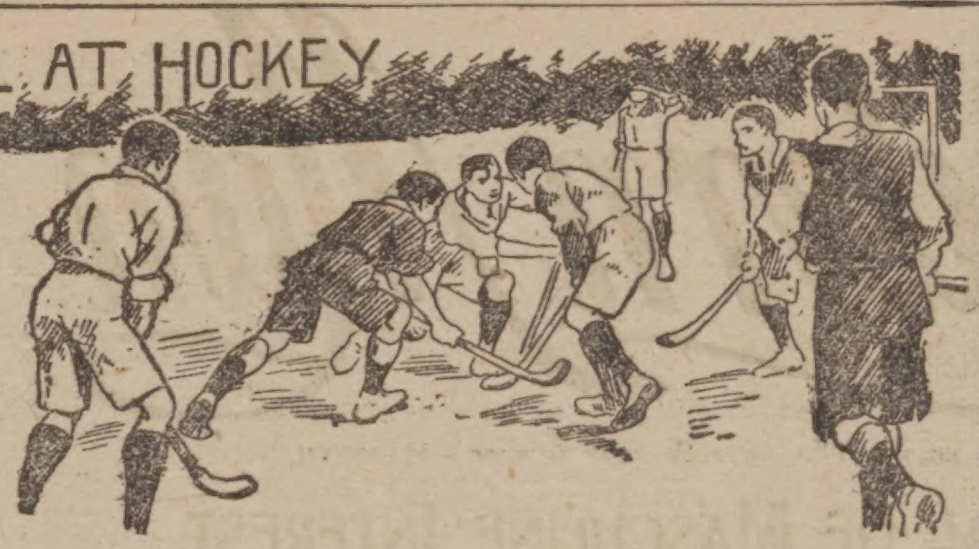
The waterman, who seems to spend his day pushing punts and skiffs out with a boat-hook, and pocketing tips on their return, can wield a scull or a punt-pole better than any of those whose efforts sometimes provoke a well-suppressed smile.

The cricket groundman, the golf pro, the gym. instructor, and the rest of them—they may be classed as athletic hangers-on, but they are athletes themselves. Many of them have won distinction in their younger days, and they are not always on the shelf yet.

They live by athletics, it is true, but a man must earn a living and they do useful work. The athlete could not do without them. If he has the good sense to treat them as they deserve to be treated, and not as menials, they can give him tips that will more than counterbalance any of a more material nature that he may give in return.

ALAN HAMER.

HOW TO EXCEL AT HOCKEY



A GAME THAT OFFERS PLENTY OF OPPORTUNITIES FOR SPORT AND MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT.

There was a time when cricket was the national game of the Britisher, and when "Blues" were only given at the Universities for rowing, cricket, and athletic sports.

Then football, both Rugby and Associati on, came into its own, and now hockey is making rapid strides towards an equality in public favour with the older sports. Already it has attained the dignity of a "Full Blue" at Cambridge, and though Oxford, conservative as ever, has not yet granted more than a "Half Blue," it will probably not be long before it comes into line.

The game combines the accuracy of eye that is necessary in cricket with the pluck and endurance that are indispensable to the good football player. Yet a man can play hockey for years after football—under Rugby rules at least—has become impossible for him. The forward game, it is true, requires a sound wind and dogged perseverance, but for the back or "half" coolness and decision are the most important requisites.

There is danger in the game, of course. A good sound knock with a hockey ball or a swipe from a stick can lay a man out very effectually. But it is not in first-class hockey that such accidents occur.

"STICKS."

It is one of the laws of the game that the stick may not be raised above the shoulder, and if a player should be so carried away as to bring any part of his stick above his shoulder at the beginning or end of the stroke, a penalty bully or free hit for the other side is the result.

But in good hockey appeals for "sticks" are not frequent, for the good player knows that hard hitting is not always sound hockey, and that the golfer's swing, which has the effect of raising the ball to a considerable height, is useless as well as dangerous.

Equally to be deprecated is the mowing, sweeping stroke of the man who uses his stick like a scythe. The ball will rise to the level of the heads of the opposing side, and, besides the tremendous risks, it will be practically out of play until it returns to the ground again.

A short, sharp wrist stroke is the thing to be cultivated by backs and forwards alike. Quick hitting pays better than hard hitting, and the longer the sweep given to the stroke, the longer it takes to make.

At no game is combination more essential than hockey. The old dribbling game, where the player kept the ball to himself as long as he could, is a thing of the past, and good passing is all important to the success of a team to-day.

THE VALUE OF COMBINATION.

Study the methods and capabilities of your fellow-players until you know exactly how much may be expected of each man, and how far he can help you to out-manœuvre an opponent. Don't play for your own hand. Selfish play never brings success at hockey any more than it does at football.

Above all, keep your place. The player, however brilliant, who is all over the field is but little use to his side. His individual play may look very fine to the unskilled spectator, but he is leaving his man unmarked and a blank in the line of attack or defence that becomes a serious matter when a team consists of only eleven men on a field one hundred yards long and sixty yards wide.

One of the greatest difficulties of the novice is to cure himself of the desire to hit back-handed if he finds himself to the right of the ball.

Back-handed play with the back of the stick is forbidden by the rules, and all strokes must be made with the flat face of the stick—a left-hander, therefore, requires a specially made implement. One of the first things to practise, then, is the turning over of the stick so that the end of it points to the ground, and the ball may be hit with the "toe" of the flat surface. Until this stroke is acquired the player is powerless to touch a ball on his left without running round it.

THE BEST KIT.

A few words may be added on the outfit required by the hockey player. The usual rig-out is practically the same as is worn for Soccer—a flannel shirt, stockings, and shorts, of which the first two will usually display your club colours.

Some men wear shoes, but good stout boots are advisable. For the defence—that is to say, the halves and backs—ordinary football boots with the ankles padded are best.

The forward, who does not require so much protection for the ankles, and needs to be quicker on his feet, will be best suited by a pair of ordinary brown boots with bars across the soles.

Shin-pads are a very necessary protection for all against blows from sticks or a possible knock from the ball. The best kind are small light ones, which are worn underneath the stockings, and do not look unsightly. The goalkeeper, of course, wears ordinary cricket pads.

THE WEIGHT OF A STICK.

A cricket batting glove is a useful protection, especially for backs, and gives a good grip on the stick.

In the matter of sticks each man will have his own preference, but it should be remembered that backs require longer and heavier sticks than forwards, for they must have a longer reach and be able to hit harder.

Twenty-three ounces is a good average weight for a forward's stick, but a good player must learn to know his stick and its capabilities, just as the rest of the team must know him and his play.

LEONARD CROSBY.

CHOOSING A PAL.

Like seeks like. You cannot make a pal of a man with whom you have not an idea in common.

But to put it a bit plainer. It is quite possible for a chap with athletic tastes to have a cripple for a pal, because the cripple's tastes may lie in the same direction; he is only debarred by accident from participating in his friend's pursuits.

And he makes a grand listener, because he enters fully into the other's feelings.

But a chap who cares for nothing but outdoor sports cannot pal up with one who only cares for books, or machinery, or mere money-grabbing. They are apt to despise each other at heart, and between pals—real pals—there must be thorough understanding and mutual respect.

A man cannot always choose his life work—that is precious often done for him, and badly—but he can always choose his friends, and very often he is judged by them, too!

So that the choice of a pal is not of so little importance as people fancy.

Make a wise one, and then stick to him through thick and thin. A sweetheart's a good thing to have, but there are times when a pal stands first, and would be missed the most.

MALE EMOTIONS.

VIII. PRIDE.

One encounters some difficulty in the endeavour to estimate whether pride is a worthy or an unworthy emotion, or whether, perhaps, it is alternately one and the other.

To take merely a surface example, the pride that scorns lying, theft, slander is an admirable possession for a man to have, but it is almost impossible to decide whether that pride is the outcome of innate virtue or the result of discretion.

There is the pride of achievement. That, again, is at first sight a commendable thing, and an emotion that a man is entitled to feel. The winner of the race, either in the field of sport or the field of life, certainly does not get there without a great expenditure of energy and determination. A certain amount of luck he has possibly enjoyed, but, then, without any question of doubt, fortune does favour the brave.

Yet any of you who have experienced the emotions attending achievement will agree with me that one feels far less pride than humility at such moments.

It is a tragi-comic fact that we often strive to achieve in order that we may justifiably be proud of ourselves, and then, when the achievement is accomplished, we obtain our reward by other and unexpected means. Pride, under such conditions, is elusive. When felt, it is mixed with some self-contempt that we should be guilty of self-satisfaction.

Has it ever occurred to you how great a part pride has played in the annals of the human race? That pride goeth before a fall is a hackneyed aphorism, but that the ultimate effects of that fall are generally more widespread than the effects of the pride itself is less generally perceived. Napoleon had stupendous pride of ambition, and driven by it, he dominated Europe. But it was the breaking of Napoleon's pride that brought about more immense alterations in the history of nations. France, to-day, would not be a Republic, nor Germany, owing to her strength, a menace both to her and us, if Bonaparte's pride had not been shattered on the rock of St. Helena. The Franco-German War was directly caused by a descendant from that colossal pride.

The allegory of the fall of Lucifer is testimony to the danger of pride when it is associated with arrogance. Apropos, I consider that the Bible, beyond its devotional and historical interest, is marvellously fascinating in its revelation that the human character in far-off ages was identical with our own. Our emotions, which are the elements composing our personality, are precisely what they then were, and only environment and social customs have changed.

Does not this personal association with the past appeal to you? It suggests that humanity has reached high-water mark, that our boasted progress is a lie, that we are confined in limited space, both mentally and materially.

One is forced to the conclusion that there is both fine pride and gross pride.

Fine pride has more humility than superiority in it. It seems conscious of being unworthy of praise, while yet it forbids that one shall act despicably.

Fine pride, too, is often far more concerned with pride in others than in ourselves. The fellow who is proud of his chum, the father who is proud because his son is turning out a dam' good boy (that's the shortest way of putting it), the man who is proud to have won the love of a good, straight girl—all these are emblems of true pride, the fine pride which is own brother to humility.

But gross pride is a bastard emotion bred of the union of conceit and arrogance.

The self-opinionated individual who talks everybody down; the braggart; the aggressively religious chap who drives down your throat his belief that this life and body are vile and full of sin and damnation; the learned individual who has stolen the wisdom of others—these, gentlemen, deserve stoning.

But which among us dare cast the first stone?

C. WOLFE.

THE DROWNING OF HIS HONOUR

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

By R. D. CROMBIE.

The room was quite comfortably furnished, though an observer could have told that it was unused to feminine occupation. The lack of ornaments and bric-a-brac was so pronounced as to suggest that it was probably intentional. There was not even a photograph to be seen. Well-worn armchairs, a couch, cushions and rugs were about, but not one whose presence was unnecessary.

It was the room of a bachelor, evidently, but a bachelor with some peculiarities. Pipes, ash-trays, cigar and cigarette boxes and a handsome smoking cabinet were there, also a well-stocked book-case: and the oak side-board bore a tantalus of spirits and a good supply of syphons.

But unlike many bachelors' chambers, there were no reproductions of famous *Salon* pictures on the walls. It seemed almost as though the sight of body or face of woman were hated by the occupant of this room, and as though all that would remind him of her had been rigorously excluded.

A fire was burning brightly in the grate; a massive stand-lamp with a red shade lit the room with a warm, soft light, but left the corners in gloom. And a man was sitting in the depths of a plush divan chair, his legs crossed, an elbow resting on either arm of the chair, and the hands dangling listlessly.

He was a youngish man, probably less than forty. His clean-shaven face was pale, the hair and brows black; there were shadows beneath his eyes and about his cheekbones, and downward lines near the corners of his mouth. His eyes were closed, the lips a little apart as if the weight of his chin had proved too much to carry.

He was unmistakably a gentleman, and unmistakably drunk.

It was not the sodden, stupid condition of drunkenness, for every now and then he spoke aloud, spoke to himself, because there was no other human being in the room, and the words came clearly, without intoxicated thickness; and when he lifted his eyelids they showed orbs bright and full of intelligence.

He was one of those who, intoxicated, become helpless only in body, whom drink uplifts to preternatural mentality, who, the more they drink the eviller they come to be, while at the same time their capacity for wreaking evil is limited to words.

And as this man was alone there was none whom he could hurt; nevertheless, words came, and these are some of the things he said:

"You stand there, staring at me, James Dryden, and a handsome lad you are; young and hopeful, and consumed with the fire of anger against all evil and oppression. I can see you, James, and you needn't look at me with such sad, pitying eyes. I don't want your pity, lad, nor the pity of anybody. I've got this to console me, and this, dear Jimmy, is the one friend that never fails."

He reached idly with his hand, picked his glass from the table, and raised it politely to his imaginary guest.

Sip, sip, sip.

"Never fails," he repeated, contentedly, lowering the glass for the words, and then sipping again, "which is something that can't be said for everybody. I knew a woman once, Jimmy——"

"Now, for heaven's sake," he continued, with sudden annoyance, "don't cover your face with your hands like that! What earthly good can that do! You can never have her, so why whine about it? Lift your head, boy! It isn't manly to duck when the bullets of Fate are flying. That's better!"

Sip, sip, sip.

"There is still brooding sadness in your eyes, though; but I must put up with that. You never look angrily or reproachfully at me. I sometimes wish you did. It's hard to work up a feeling of enmity against a passive enemy—and I do hate you, boy. Hate you like hell!"

Sip, sip, sip.

"That's not a colloquial remark of somewhat questionable refinement. It is the literal truth. I do hate you like a natural healthy man hates whatever is to him everlasting, fiery hell. *You* are there everlastingly with your sad, pitying eyes, trying to drive me mad. Oh, it's a devilishly clever manner of torture, but I'm very far from giving way under it yet.

"What are you thinking of, James Dryden?" continued the drunken man, changing his legs carefully, and settling himself very comfortably. Some of the contents of the glass spilled on to his clothes as he moved, but he did not seem to care. His voice became almost jocular. "What are you thinking of? You never say, you young dog, but I can make a pretty shrewd guess. You're thinking of the woman. You're always thinking of her. You never think of anything else. Then why look pityingly at me? A—ha! we know, don't we?

"It isn't because you're sorry you lost her: it's because you're sorry that I can never have her. When you loved her it was with the poetry of youth, when your only desire was to place your heart as sacrifice upon the altar of her purity. A divinely sweet love was yours, and you needed no other reward but the knowledge of it, and occasionally the glory of her smile. But with me it is different."

A smile played about the drunken man's lips as he sipped again, and raised his eyes to the empty air before him.

"You're still there, I see. Where were we? There's agony on your face, lad. What for? You're a fool to feel pity for me. She has gone, and I'm managing very well to do without her.

"I know what you're trying to tell me. It is that if I had her—the strong and splendid beloved of your life and mine, dear old lad—I shouldn't be here drinking and drinking, day after day, week after week, month after month, drowning my manhood in foul and filthy stuff, striving to shut out remembrance of the heaven I have lost—because if she were here she would take care of me, and sustain me with her strength, and encourage me with her faith, and be all woman to me.

"That's better than being angel on earth, boy, isn't it? Earthy men can't live with angels, but women are better than angels, because they have faults and weaknesses themselves, and can understand. You, Jimmy, loved her as an angel, which is beautifully right and proper for a youth, but a man wants the comfort of her touch, and the healing pity of her tears. Did you know that Dives in torment would rather have had the salt taste of a woman's pitying tear than a whole wellfull of crystal water!"

A long sucking drink.

"Ah, Jimmy, boy that I once was, I feel again your wonderful hopes and fears, the wonderful innocence of your love, your grand, though pitiful attempt to live the earthy material life according to the commandments of the spirit of your love, and I see what a horrible mess you made of it.

"You had forgotten something, dear lad—for God's sake don't cry like that—you had forgotten hereditary weakness, you had forgotten how the Drydens drank, every mother's son of them, drank like fury, drank themselves and everybody connected with them into disgrace and shame and poverty.

"But we did the best we could, didn't we, when we found out? Was it you or I who played the hero? For one of us was a hero, you know. It was certainly heroic to go to her and confess to the very crime that her soul abhorred, the crime she could never forgive, so that she should be saved from marrying a man who was bound eventually to be a drunkard.

"You see, if you or I—whichever it was—had cast ourself upon her mercy and asked her to bear with us and help us to fight the hereditary devil, she would have done it like a shot.

"Stop your crying, damn you! We did right! We did, I tell you! We confessed to infidelity; we told a mad desperate lie to preserve her from misery. It was grand and heroic! I did it, not you, you poor fool!

"You're trying to tell me it was but a subtle, contemptible way of getting a chance to indulge my weakness—you're trying to say that I loved the drink better than her. It's a lie! I did it for her sake, because I cherished her happiness immeasurably more than my own. Did you think I was going to let her give herself to a beast? Not me!"

He drank again, and lifted his eyes as he did so to see how his invisible companion was taking it. The wraith of the boy that he once had been stared at him with sad, pitying eyes without a trace of anger or hatred in them, and suddenly the drunkard flung his glass violently from him and let his chin drop on his chest.

His hands began to clutch the arms of his chair, his shoulders worked, the features of his face twisted as he strove to assert the sovereignty of his still clear and sentient brain over his heavy hulk of a body. But he gave it up at last and raised his head again.

"It's no go, Jimmy," he said, after a hiccup and a laugh. "I'm royally drunk. I shan't be able to stir out of this chair till morning, so we look like having a long confab. I wonder why you never show your face when I'm sober. Well, as it's to be a long sitting, I may as well—"

He moved round laboriously to reach another glass from the table, poured whisky freely into it from the almost depleted bottle, and, stretching yet a little farther, put his finger on the lever of a syphon.

"Hullo! what's up?" he exclaimed, on looking again, and he lowered the glass shakingly from his lips. "What are you looking at me like that for?

"Are you telling me that I've sickened you, that you give me up as hopeless, and are going to desert me? Is that what your contemptuous eyes mean? Are you going to vanish, never to appear again? Am I too to lose you—you, the dear, sad boy of my past?

"No, lad, don't go! You don't know what it will mean if you do. You're my only link with honour, and, beast though I am, seeing you I can sometimes believe I shall win back what I've lost. If you go, all hope of getting better will go with you, and then nothing will preserve me from becoming in the end a decrepit, blear-eyed, dribbling-mouthed old wretch.

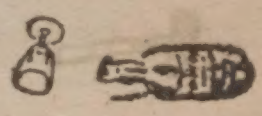
"Jimmy!" he called louder. "Jimmy! here I won't drink any more to-night. See, I've put the glass down. Come back, Jimmy! If you'll only stay with me I'll do what you want. I'll never touch another drop, I swear by all that I hold Holy I won't! I know that's why you've always watched me with sad, pitying eyes—because you can see what my end will be: and it might have been so different! *Jimmy!*"

He started up and put out his hands to arrest the something that was leaving him, overbalanced, and collapsed into a huddled mass in the chair again. His youth, with all its noble influences, had escaped him.

He pondered over it for a while; then his vacant eyes roved tablewards. And suddenly they lit with glee, and a cunning grin disfigured his lips.

He took up the bottle and held it towards the light, admiring the smooth, oily, amber of its contents.

Then he filled his glass to the brim.



Hints on Picture Frame Making.

ONE OF THE MOST FASCINATING OF INDOOR HOBBIES.

Picture-frame making is a very fascinating pursuit and a capital hobby for those with a few hours to spare to take up.

A good picture is always improved by a handsome frame. And even the photo of one's best girl takes on an added value when shown off in a frame of one's own making.

It is easy enough if you don't attempt too elaborate work. And it really only requires a few tools all readily procurable.

The first thing to do is of course to get the tools. These any good ironmonger or tool shop should be able to supply. They may cost you either so many pounds, according to your ambition and the capacity of your pocket, or so many shillings.

I should advise the latter, unless you are pretty certain of yourself—that your skill is equal to your attempts—and you are not afraid that the fancy for picture framing will be a short-lived one with you.

The following articles will fairly fit-out the amateur.

First of all provide yourself with a good strong table. A gimlet, pliers, a bradawl, brads, a hammer, a saw, and a plane are indispensable.

You will also require a mitre block and a shooting plane. These need cost you but a small sum.

With regard to wood, of course you must beg, borrow, or buy that, and you can either saw it yourself into suitable lengths or buy it ready done.

Glue-pot and string of divers strengths you will have handy, also nails.

WHAT TO START ON.

The easiest frame to make is what is called the Oxford frame, and it is suitable for almost all subjects.

It can be made in any wood you happen to fancy, or in plain deal varnished or stained.

For this frame four strips of wood are necessary—not cut thick enough to be clumsy, nor too thin to be unduly fragile—a happy medium is best with this as with most things.

After planing and cutting out the notches, fit them neatly together. If the notches are properly cut, the pieces will be quite flush on both sides.

Now get your glue-pot and glue securely.

The rebate—that is the part to take the picture, glass, and back—may be cut with a penknife or a chisel. If you make your frame of oak it really requires no treatment, for it looks best unpolished.

FINISHING OFF.

But really all this is a matter of taste. You can paint the frame, or simply coat it with varnish, after rubbing down with sandpaper.

In making what is known as a mitred frame, the chief difficulty is in getting the sides accurate, and in preventing them slipping when you drive in the brads. For the first purpose a mitre block is needed, and for the second some sort of a vice, or apparatus to hold them fast while you fasten the pieces together.

Now we come to ornamental frames. Gilding proper is a little above the amateur, though, to be sure, there are cheap fluid substitutes on the market.

Fretwork frames, which look very well, require a special outfit.

But ordinary carved frames are quite as effective. Anyone with artistic taste and the carver's knack can carve without any other tool than a good sharp penknife, and make a really handsome addition to the appearance of his own particular den.

For those who lack the skill or time the following makes a capital and inexpensive substitute for carvings.

Varnish some acorns, small pine cones, bits of twigs and oak galls, and glue them on to your frame. When the whole is finished, a really strikingly artistic and original effect is produced—and one far in advance of a bad or clumsy attempt at wood-carving.

The mitred frame needs a good deal of patience to make at first, and if you find any difficulty in getting the glue and brads to keep the corners firm and square, it is not a bad plan to fix a little plate, which can be cut from a tin or even a cardboard box, across the back.

G. COMPTON.

NUTS TO CRACK.

What becomes of the money a man saves by not smoking?

* * *

A woman never hits what she aims at except when she throws a kiss.

* * *

It's hard to believe, but your ugliest friend was probably considered a handsome baby.

* * *

Fine feathers are apt to make short-lived birds.

* * *

Many people ask questions just for an excuse to air their own opinions.

* * *

When a woman puts a thing in the wrong place she always thinks it has been stolen.

* * *

A man may be a hero to his valet, but never to his mother-in-law.

* * *

One of the hardest things to find is a friend who isn't hard up at the same time as you are.

* * *

There are lots of girls who can skate along like birds when they're alone that become perfectly helpless when there's a man about.

* * *

To be good is noble, but to teach others to be good is nobler—and less trouble.

* * *

The game of money is played with a pack of cards from which hearts have been thrown out.

* * *

When a man assures you he is telling the truth, it's just as well to verify his statements.

* * *

When you think Fortune smiles, make sure she's not laughing at you.

* * *

Sometimes it's better to be never than late.

* * *

It would ruin any man's peace of mind if he knew as much about himself as other people do.

* * *

Only successful artists can draw a large bank cheque.

* * *

An old maid finds it awfully hard to be friendly with a widow who's had four husbands.

* * *

A woman never kisses a man with pins in her mouth till they've been married at least a year.

* * *

A woman who is very pretty always makes other women think how much more clever they are.

* * *

When a man wins a sovereign by betting he feels he can afford to spend two.

FATE—AND THE MAN.

A SKETCH.

He stood on the deck of a big steamer bo for India. A fine, upstanding young fellow, a pleasant, if not strictly handsome, face.

The white cliffs of old England were alre fading from his sight, and his thoughts turned the land he was going to.

It was a pleasure trip he was taking, and was a very fair thing. He was engaged to a girl, and he was well endowed with this wor goods. Small wonder that he looked upon hims as a favourite with the gods and expected future to be as free from storms as the past the present.

Perhaps he was a little too cocksure on point.

Whom the gods love best—suffer. Sometim theirs is a position worse than death.

The voyage proved to be every whit as agreea as he had anticipated it would be. There several hundred souls on board, and they manag to get a good deal of amusement out of life, e in the Red Sea.

There were also a good number of horses, the young man prided himself on his knowled of horseflesh. He came from the Shires, and a crack rider to hounds, one of those lucky fello who never get a scratch, and yet never seem save themselves or their mounts.

One of the horses proved intractable, and in narrow confines on board ship such an animal pretty much of a curse.

He undertook to manage him when the mat reached his ears.

"Horses required tact," he observed. Probab he had plenty of this commodity, and likew skill, but he was never given the chance to exerc either. Without his being aware of the fact, good luck had forsaken him.

The horse was a bright bay, with the very de of a temper, and the rolling and pitching of t vessel was not calculated to improve it. owner, who might possibly have done somethi with him, was lying too ill in his cabin to care trouble about the animal's comfort.

As the young man, sanguine of success, enter the stall, the horse, a big, powerful, vicious bru lashed out furiously, and the iron-shod hoof a the young man's face made intimate acquaintan

The man was knocked senseless, for the impe was terrific. His luck was indeed dead out.

The untoward event created, naturally, a go deal of confusion, and the only thoroughly unco cerned creature on board that big steamer was t bay horse who was the cause of all the mischief.

When the man recovered, it was to be ma aware of the fact that he was disfigured for li His features were altered, his nose broken—n slightly, not interestingly marred, as a warrio scars make him, not even the disfigurement comes in a gloriously fought contest with gloves when the best man has won, but somethi in which there was neither glory nor excitement not even the loser's end of the purse to compe sate for the pain, only a most regrettable accident and he would be an object of pity all his da because of it.

And the girl—what of her? He did not dar to think of that. He could not bear to look ahea to their next meeting.

The future, which had promised to be so fai became a vista of hideous years to be dragge through somehow, for, unfortunately for him, was a sensitive man, who would never be able forget the fact that his face was a travesty.

Well, such things happen every day, and, after all, he had had a monopoly of the good things this life up to now. He could say, looking back ward, that he had enjoyed existence, which more than many a poor wretch can say, and the gods had not been as unkind as they might have been, for he still had the use of his limbs and five senses.

It was only an accident. He was the victim a malevolent Fate.

G. M. WHYBROW.

Men are not angels; neither are they brutes.
—BROWNING.

There are men and men, and though it is safe to say that what's bred in the bone will show itself in a man's life, there is no doubt about it that many a man is made by his environment, by the people he mixes with, eats and drinks with, fights with, and works with.

Men are thrown together haphazard in many spheres, but in none are they so constantly associated as in military life.

Men are bred by the hundred thousand in the Army. Men, I mean, who are full of all sorts and degrees of qualities that are manly.

If there is one result of Army life more certain than another, it is that it hardens a man beyond any other experience. Tommy has a keen eye for the "soft," and he cordially dislikes him, or, rather, he dislikes his characteristics, and so he sets about curing the "soft" of his softness and making a man of him. His methods may be crude, but they have the advantage of being rough and ready and direct.

Soldiers must not be judged by everyday civilian standards. Their view of life is very different. The standard by which actions are judged among soldiers is a high standard, and all the swearing and the drinking, and the other vices to which Tommy is partial, are merely the trimmings by which he tries to hide the good heart that is inside him.

TOMMY'S PECCADILLOES.

Not that the Army lives to a chorus of blasphemy. Far from it. But a soldier is something of a fatalist, and is wont to express himself freely and to comment on life as he finds it, not as civilian idealists, clerical and otherwise, would have us pretend it is.

And so we get at the bed-rock of character in the soldier. His business is to act as the Empire's labourer, the man who is ready to be sent to the ends of the earth upon his country's service, and his work gives play to his manliness, his muscles, and his instincts. And he has the courage of them all.

He is no hypocrite, but a good all-round live man, who is often annoyed when, as one of them put it, "a peace breaks out."

The Army only wants men, and when it gets anything else it quickly converts them into men. It is a breeding ground of masculinity.

SPORT AND THE MAN.

Another is the athletic club, which has many of the characteristics of the Army.

Most of us are much more concerned than we desire to be about making a living. In order to do this very disagreeable necessity we have to compete for the always inadequate rewards of an ungrateful world, and, in consequence, there are lots of little things that we are forced to do that we should not do if sovereigns grew on trees and we all had free access to them.

We become selfish, of necessity. We become jealous, suspicious, crafty, 'cute; we struggle along in our homes in a niggardly way, grudging this and shirking that because of the expense, cramping our bodies and souls and risking our very manliness.

But there is a splendid opportunity in the athletic club for a competition of a different sort, where no victory is worth while unless it is won in the open and the light, and where the record if any, has no blasting relation to rent, rates, and taxes, and the price of a meal.

Here a man can purge his mind and character of those wretched littlenesses that follow him everywhere in business life. He returns gladly to his club, because there he can be himself.

If its atmosphere makes him divinely discontented with his other life, so much the better. Every man in his heart scorns to earn a living by pen, pencil, and paper, and in the athletic club he realises something of a real "higher life"—though not the negative soul-destroying life that is sometimes called by that misused title.

If he cannot live by the vigour of his manliness, by the joy of using his strength, by living up to the tip-top of his masculine ideals, he will at least keep them alive by the delicious thrills of contest in all true sports, and will preserve in his heart the manly spirit.

The club gives him the one opportunity he wants. It keeps him from degenerating—makes and keeps him a man.

A HELL AT SEA.

Down in the stokehole of a big steamer men are made.

When I say "down in the stokehole," I mean down. None of your easy, carpeted staircases with a curtain at the bottom, and a pleasant, flower-scented air. No, the average stokehole is hell: nothing more nor less.

A heat that none but a man of blood and iron can stand, a ceaseless grind of heavy manual labour, feeding ever-hungry furnaces that spit and grin at you with a perfectly devilish greed for coal and with a striking, withering heat that keeps the sweat rolling on the floor from every pore of the skin.

It needs a man—a tough, downright gritty man—to tackle this work for long.

MEN'S TALK.

Down here men take no account of their lives. In the deep belly of the vessel they are everlastingly feeding the incandescent brutes that would put out long tongues and lick even them into the fire unless the draught were too strong.

And these men thrive in such surroundings.

See them, stripped, soaked, burned, and grimy, with parched eyes, with throats aflame for any liquid, their knotty arms pouring with mingled sweat and coal dust, their great, brassy chests rigid and muscular as they shovel the loads into the maw of the furnace, and you have seen the coolest, calmest men on the face of the earth or in the depths of the waters.

Down in the mines, too, men are bred—men to whom danger of death itself, and death in its vilest, most awful guise is but a relish to the solid fact of life and work. Well do they earn their money and their honours.

D. B. CRAMER.

MUFTI.

Every Territorial, whether Yeoman or Foot-Slogger, should turn to page 18, where he will find an announcement of much interest.

HOW TO DEAL WITH ROUGHS.

SOME STRAIGHT TIPS.

The man who keeps thoroughly fit in wind and limb and muscle is always prepared to make use of the good old English method of settling personal differences. He does not by any means use his giant's strength as a giant on every possible and impossible occasion, but he is usually not slow to follow up any suggestion that arbitration by fisticuffs should be appealed to when agreement can be reached by no other obvious and less exacting and exciting methods.

Every sportsman may safely be left to himself to decide when and where he should call in the aid of physical contest in dealing with those of his own class and calibre. He will not force on a fight when there is really no need for it; neither will he shirk one should things so fall out as to render a bout unavoidable. In any case, he will fight like a sportsman, an athlete, and a gentleman.

But there are occasions when a man finds himself in a tight corner, with the odds in many ways against him. And no corner is so tight as when the man who is not in the corner is a "rough," a hooligan, a blackguard, and an unscrupulous, venomous, tricky, and brutalised fiend.

A row in which a sportsman is pitted against a "rough" requires most careful handling if the man is to come out of it satisfactorily to himself, both physically and with regard to his dignity and self-respect, and with the consciousness of having really worsted his assailant either by depriving him of his opportunity for brutality or by giving him the thrashing he deserves.

However able a man may be, no better advice can be offered to him with regard to the treatment of roughs than that, if it is by any means possible, he should not give battle. There are endless reasons for this.

In the first place, a sportsman will always act as such in every emergency. He will, even in the face of positive and overwhelming evidence to the contrary, give his "rough" opponent credit for at least some decency of method in his fighting. This proves a serious handicap, for the desperate, reckless rough who has everything to gain and nothing to lose is invariably the most despicable creature on the face of the earth. He is always quick, he is always tough, he is always reckless of consequences, and so he adopts the vilest practices in his fighting.

He will at once see that his opponent intends to "fight square," and this is his opportunity. He will fight in every other way but squarely, and will oppose the lowest caddishness to the straightforward attitude of his enemy. And the man who is unacquainted with these tricks and sharp practices is as helpless as a child at the first moment of attack, which usually decides fights of this description.

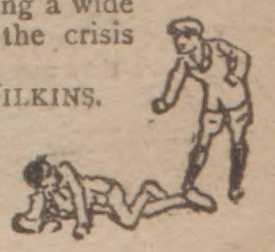
Most of them are one-blow fights. The rough may make pretence to set about the thing fairly. But, beware! this is only another of his elaborate ways of gaining an advantage. When his fists are just shaping in the recognised attitude his boot will do the damage.

If contempt and disregard of the rough's annoyances is really outside of human patience and endurance—and really very seldom is scum of this sort worth punishing—if, however, it is a case of inevitable fighting, the sportsman will realise this long before his opponent. Then is the time to act. With such a foe, warning is a mistaken generosity.

Give no foretaste of what will happen to the man if he persists. Give him no chance whatever, but hit with all the science, strength, and determination that you can command. Fell him like a log and leave him.

Chivalry and nice rules of combat are dangerous games to play when the enemy is a rough. But do not go out of your way to tackle one. There is nothing that ill becomes a man in giving a wide berth to all such hooligans. But when the crisis arises hit once, hit hard, hit to hurt him.

C. J. WILKINS.



ON THE CARELESS HANDLING OF GUNS.

Now that Home Defence is so much to the fore, and every fellow aspires to be, or is already, the proud possessor of a gun or rifle, a few remarks on the careless handling of that weapon may not be out of place in the pages of the MODERN MAN.

Accidents will happen, we know, but most of the far too frequent gun fatalities are not accidents so much as sheer gross carelessness.

A fool and a gun make more mischief than any other combine.

To carry about loaded firearms is not a necessity in this country, whatever it may be in the Colonies, where the hip-pocket is solely intended for the accommodation of a revolver.

As to the excuse so often made that the owner didn't know it was loaded, it ought to be ignored, and a fine inflicted, even if nothing serious happens.

A little knowledge of firearms is certainly most dangerous.

The man who points a gun at another person for a joke ought to be taken with the man who rocks a boat for fun, and rendered incapable of doing further mischief—it ought to be a penal offence.

There are quite enough dangers to life and limb at the present time without running the risk of being shot while travelling by train because some idiot has got a gun a few carriages away from yours and allows it to go off unexpectedly.

SOME SIMPLE CURES.

Common table salt dissolved in cold water is an excellent remedy for simple cases of indigestion, uncomplicated, of course, by any special symptoms.

For another handy cure for the same complaint recourse may again be had to the cruet. Pepper in hot water will often be found completely efficacious.

Smoking is now advised by many doctors as useful in treating pulmonary diseases, such as consumption.

Fire and water are warring elements, and in dealing with burns cold water will be found an excellent first aid.

The demon of insomnia may often be banished by humouring him. Don't bother to repeat to yourself all the hymns and poems you learnt in childhood's days. Nor is it necessary to count imaginary sheep passing through an imaginary gap. Just sit up in bed and make up your mind to keep awake, and, as often as not, you will be sound asleep in five minutes or less.

IN THE MAKING.

Some time ago I became acquainted with a young fellow about my own age, who, though well read, was almost a stranger to any sport whatever. In spite of this I liked him at once for his frank, open manner and general good style.

For a time I found him too reserved for anything, and had a job to get him interested in our pastimes. The other fellows passed him over as impossible, but I liked him, and eventually got him to join one of our cycle runs, and again later to take up rowing and swimming.

I dare say he looked a bit of an ass in the water to start with, but he only grinned and had another go, until he mastered the breast-stroke, when by watching the other fellows he soon improved, and can now take a header with the best of us.

For rowing we used to drop down the river of a Sunday morning, and when well away from the town he would take the sculls.

He was rather inclined to slip off the seat at first, and as soon as that was remedied his blistered hand gave him considerable annoyance, though he pretended to make light of it. He stuck it, however, and was not content till he pulled stroke in our eight.

He is now an all-round sport and has a physique that any man might well be proud of.

A few nights ago, when having a quiet smoke

in my digs, I asked him if he read as much as ever.

"No," he said, "I haven't got time. I spend all my time doing something. A little practice is worth a bushel of theory. When there is anything I want to know, I look it up and remember it. In the old way I perhaps used to know how a thing should be done, but waited for someone else to do it."

It is possible that some reader feels rather small because he is not so good as his chum at sport, but if it were not so, there would be no incentive to proceed.

If you stick to it, and your chums will lend you a hand, you will find the game well worth the candle, even if it only brings you good company and good health.

A CAB RIDE IN THE SMALL HOURS.

The last train had gone.

How I missed it matters very little. Suffice it to say that I was stranded in London and the hour was late.

I was not sleepy, and bed did not appeal to me; for another thing, I had no luggage, and I knew I should be no welcome visitor at an hotel where I was unknown, so I unselfishly refrained from troubling a night porter.

My train would start between seven and eight next morning, and I debated how I should spend the interval, only a matter of a few hours.

I wandered down Piccadilly—deserted. The trees of the Green Park loomed ghostily. The Circus, too, was asleep.

Then an idea came to me. I think it was the sight of a solitary hansom cab making its way westward that gave it to me.

I hailed it.

"Drive me through the City," I said as I got in, and cabby nodded.

I enjoyed that ride as I have never done before or since.

Down the Embankment, and the breeze came fresh and cold as it never seems to come at other times, the horse's hoofs the only sound breaking the silence. Up Ludgate Hill, and the silvery beams of the moon made even the ugly warehouses as we turned into Cannon Street picturesque.

Not a soul seemed to be about except the police, and many of them had rubber footwear, and stole about as noiselessly as the shadows that lurked in the corners of the City.

Threadneedle Street and the square in front of the Mansion House might have been part of an enchanted country, it was so still.

As cabby drove me back over Westminster Bridge, Big Ben boomed out and it was growing light.

PRIZES FOR PARAGRAPHS.

This page is reserved for paragraphs from our readers.

We want something with a bit of dash about it, something of interest to your fellow-readers, not the old everyday tips that everyone knows.

Each week we pay 10s. for the best, and 2s. 6d. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates, if your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

The first prize this week goes to Mr. P. Savill, 79, Berners-street, Ipswich, for "In the Making."

WHEN STRANGER MEETS STRANGER.

Have you ever had an experience to which the ignorant stranger within a city's gates is somehow particularly liable?

Go for the first time in your life to Bristol or Bradford or Newcastle—or, for the matter of that, to Slotown-on-the-Mud or Little Puddlington—and it is ten to one that before you have been in the place ten minutes you will be accosted by another stranger, as ignorant as yourself, seeking information as to the best way of reaching some particular street or building.

If, however, you have lived in a place all your life and have its topography at your finger-ends, you will probably find that applicants for geographical information will be very few and far between. It is generally the ignorant new-comer who is asked to supply recondite information that would often tax the resources of a policeman or of the oldest inhabitant.

The blind seem to have an instinctive tendency to seek the guidance of the blind. How else are you to explain it?

WORTH KNOWING.

Everyone is not aware of the fact that toothache when it comes from a decayed or hollow tooth can be easily cured by filling it with bicarbonate of soda—a very simple remedy and readily obtainable.

Moths are an awful pest, but they object to printer's ink, and if clothes are wrapped in newspapers they are safe from them, and the garments don't smell aggressively as they do from contact with moth ball or camphor bag.

To strengthen weak eyes, open and shut them in cold water and bathe them frequently with cold black tea.

A useful remedy for corns is to rub a slice of lemon on them night and morning. If persevered in, this treatment will banish this painful ailment.

TIPS TO SWIMMERS.

Some people like to jump from the side of the bath into the water, but it is a practice to be deprecated, for one is apt to forget that the surface is often very slippery.

It is safest, therefore, to have a towel or mat to stand on, else your feet may slide from under you and instead of a graceful dive, you are likely to make acquaintance with the bottom of the tank—and not a pleasant one, either—or, possibly, injure or strain yourself in some way.

Most learners elect to enter the water from the shallow end of the bath—walk into it, in fact. But it gives one rather the feeling of going to execution—it's far better, if you can summon up the necessary pluck, to make a plunge.

In river-swimming, keep a sharp look-out for weeds. It's not the stones that constitute the chief danger of inland watercourses, but the weeds and stones entangled among them combined.

SOME TYPES OF WET BLANKETS.

There are several kinds.

The most objectionable is the man who is always on the look-out for a storm at a picnic—who prognosticates bad weather whenever there is a match on.

Then there is the chap who always notices that you are off-colour, and asks you anxiously if you are feeling ill, and tells you pleasant tales of poor So-and-so, who is down with the "flue" or a bad attack of typhoid.

There is the political wet blanket, who sees the decay of the nation in every fresh movement and utters prophecies of dire disaster; or the man who damps your ardour with warnings of defeat just as you are entering for a competition or a stiff exam.

And there is the fellow who suggests that you have been done, because you have bought a dog or a horse, had a gamble on the Stock Exchange or put a bit on the favourite.

And there is the timid passenger on board the big liner whose whole talk is of shipwrecks, and whose face is a reflection of his melancholy talk.

THE SPELL OF THE HOMELAND.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By J. D. HALLICK.

I.

Joe Charlock took two excursions in all his hard life, and in the first and the last there was one similarity—he never used the return half of his ticket.

Each excursion, likewise, was fraught with tremendous consequences for him, and in neither case when he set out did he ever suspect that they would be followed by events which would transform his entire being.

He was a countryman, born literally in the shadow of the great bare downs whose solitary uplands stretched away inland from the sea in rounded curves that suggested at once both immemorial prominence and never-ceasing rhythmic movement.

His earliest years were spent around the ivy-covered barn and the towering windmill perched airily upon the brow of the hill, where no wind could blow from the four quarters of the sky without bringing some profit to his father, the miller.

This downland home, remote from the village, snuggling in the distant weald below, went farther than he knew in shaping his career. It helped him to give play to his hearty dislike of school, for the way thither was long and rough, and wind, rain, or snow had only to show themselves in moderate force to enable him to persuade his over-indulgent parents to let him off the daily tramp and the cramping hours in crowded class-room.

He himself was no gingerbread youth. Weather had no terrors for him. In gale or driving rain, through thunder and lightning, in bleak winter when the very shrubs themselves cowered before the biting wind, or in scorching summer when the bare rolling uplands became like a veritable desert, he was ever out and roaming.

Unconsciously he was driving the very roots of his life deep down into the earth of his homeland, drawing his physical and mental and spiritual vigour from the greatest of all teachers, and nurturing in his heart a passion that a long, long way ahead was to prove him true to an ideal and a purpose, though he should stray far and wide on many of life's easy roads meanwhile.

Falling upon him early, as it falls on all of humble origin, the curse of work found him ready, and even while he felt the burden he bent his neck to the yoke with resignation and threw his whole, and not inconsiderable, strength into whatever he put his hand to.

Chiefly it was the plough, and he drove his furrow straight. He called his horses by their names in dialect that sounded rich and musical as it came over the hedge, like the drowsy hum of many insect wings that glow and vibrate in the heavy heat of midsummer.

He found change and compensation and a genuine delight in all that brings satiety and comfort to the robust human animal. When he smoked it was with a vague inarticulate knowledge over and above the intrinsic value of the habit that he was burning and breathing something that had, as he had, drawn its strength from the earth itself. When he ate he did so as one who regarded a good appetite as one of the priceless gifts of the gods; and when he drank it was in good fellowship always, and with an eye that saw, in the glint of the frothing glass, a token of the goodness of the earth, since it reminded him of the acres of ripening barley and the green recesses of his country's hop fields.

It was one evening as he sat taking his ease with many village friends at the Railway Inn, as our one little "pub" was called, that he saw upon the wall something new in the way of notices. Hanging between the gaudy almanack, the gift of the local grocer, and the usual poster announcing the usual market-day sales of stock and agricultural implements at the town near by, was a striking announcement on the part of the railway company.

At the first glance the outstanding feature of the poster was the phrase, "half a crown," repeated in figures only less arresting, a little lower down.

Looking closer at the details, it proved to be an advertisement to the effect that on the Saturday next but one an excursion train would leave their little station, among others, for London, and as we have already gathered, the price of the return ticket was only half a crown.

This outburst of generosity on the part of the railway folk was not to be missed, and though at first the project was regarded more as a jest than anything else, it was seriously decided before closing-time that a party of them should take the chance and spend half a day in London.

Joe Charlock was among those who there and then decided upon the journey.

When he made known his intention to those of his own home circle he rose in their estimation. He had become one to whom an immeasurably great revelation was shortly to be made. He was to see the London of which they had heard so much from one or two of their favoured friends. Another link with the great city was the regular, though infrequent, correspondence kept up by the miller with his brother, Joe's uncle, who had gone when a lad to the city, and had "done well for himself" through the stages of errand boy, apprentice to "the grocery," and lately as sole proprietor of a little general shop at Kentish Town. It was Joe's intention to visit this uncle.

The morning of the excursion found him ready and on the road fully an hour before it was really necessary. He was laden with parcels of sweet country produce from his home for those of his kinsmen's house, and as for verbal instructions his memory had long since been over-filled and become a confused centre of excitement and "love to all."

Father and mother stood at the cottage door watching him descend the chalky track that led to the highway. Neither spoke, but both felt a thrill of pride in the well-knit young man who was so soon about to spread his wings and add to his stock of experience by means of the excursion.

They would sit up for him that night, they agreed, and hear all that he had to say; and after that he would entertain them for many evenings with fuller details of all he had seen and heard.

Joe sat, smoked, sweated, and sang with the rest of them on that exciting journey, and on arrival, by constant appeal to man, woman, and policeman, he found himself at last at the door of his uncle's shop, his spreading shoulders and rural stride marking a sharp contrast with the many children and pinched-looking women whose custom formed the staple of his uncle's business.

II.

The excursion train carried out of London one passenger fewer than it had carried thither earlier that day. So impressed was Joe with the sense of infinite opportunity around him, so confident and convinced was he of his own power, so determined to live in the midst of so much that was attractive, it required only his uncle's half-humorous and playful suggestion that Joe should try *his* luck in London to turn the balance.

By a combination of accident and design on the part of all concerned Joe lost his train.

Not, indeed, that he ever made a serious attempt to catch it. Both his uncle and aunt were hospitable folk, and the thoroughness of their welcome and the strength of the healths they drank with him produced in his mind that attitude to the world in which a blind hopefulness and an unreasoning cordiality are the main characteristics.

Joe had become a Londoner. The city had won—for a time. It was not long before he had exchanged the plough team for the handsome and serviceable pair in the tradesman's van. His work was arduous, but work, in what were to him such attractive circumstances, was never tedious. Joe prided himself on the smartness of his turn-out and equally on the smartness of his person.

The days gathered into weeks; the weeks accumulated and were months; the months made the circle of the year. The countryman was hidden beneath the townsman's greater readiness; the eyes lost their distance-piercing focus and took on a restless, furtive, round-the-corner look that comes to men beset on all sides with problems in the shape of moving traffic.

Songs he had never heard upon the downs were ever upon his lips; he was prodigal in his new-found freedom, and lived as young and care-free men will ever live. When his horses were safely stalled at the depot his work was over, and he spent his money more easily than he gained it in a hundred and one different ways.

He felt himself alive, and thought, with no regret, of the little cottage on the downs. Some day he would go back again, perhaps by an excursion train, and see the old folks and tell them of the life, the glitter, the movement, and the splendour of the city he had found. How proud they would be of him!

And amongst those with whom he had formerly lived he would walk with the air of one with wider knowledge than they had of all that life could be made.

And many years passed lightly away, slowly but surely wrinkling the now pale face of Joe Charlock, insidiously sapping his lightness of step, and giving to his frame a gentle stoop after the manner of the trees of his almost forgotten homeland as they bowed before the south-west sea wind and turned their tips towards the land.

The hardest work was now too hard, but, for his long and faithful service, Joe was given work that was no work in reality.

Years gone by, he had heard of the passing of the old mill into other hands, of his mother's death, then of his father's death, and the break-up of their home.

But these things happened when his wage was scarce enough for his own needs, and he had no choice but to stay where he was, thankful for regular work and regular pay.

His needs were many then, in the full tide of life. Now he was old, bent, grey, and wrinkled, his faltering step helped by a stout ash stick—the last link with the old free days of home.

III.

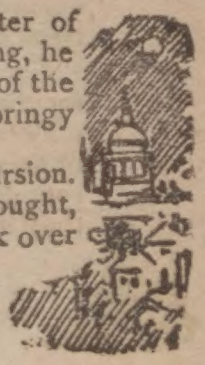
One burning day in mid-July, a feeble old man, with a look of intense eagerness in his sunken eyes, tramped slowly along the dusty highway in a southern county. His step was shaky, his stout ash stick struck the ground heavily as though he depended upon it rather than on his faltering legs.

Now and again he paused, took off his hat, drew a deep breath, and, with obvious difficulty, straightened himself somewhat, to glance upward at the hill he was approaching.

He turned without hesitation from the road into a rough cart track that wound round the foothills between hedges heavy with clematis.

Now at every step he paused and looked around as if renewing his acquaintance with scenes familiar to him once upon a time. It seemed that his step grew steadier, firmer, quicker as he approached the brow of the hill carrying his hat in his hand.

When within a hundred paces of the cluster of buildings towards which he had been walking, he paused, and glancing round the whole circle of the horizon, he sank down upon the short and springy turf.



Joe Charlock had taken his second excursion. This time, he would return betimes, he thought, as he began, in the afternoon sun, to go back over

the years that had passed since he had looked upon this familiar landscape.

Though the town had worn him out; though it had taken from him his value as a worker in the busy world, it had been unable to rob him of what he now held dearest of all—his passion for the homeland and his memory of the days and years he spent upon the downs; years that seemed so distant lately while he lived in the town, but now bridged by memory and old associations as he sat there and thought, felt, dreamed.

The hope had never died within him that some day he would return, if only, as at present, for a day; and this had kept him resolute when the desire for the town had failed, and life had become a burden.

The sun was already settling down in the far north-west, and still Joe Charlock sat, silently thinking. An infinite peace was upon the scene; the distant sea was growing misty and indistinct; a cool, refreshing air came floating landwards; from the valley there came up to him the mingled songs of many birds; and soon dusk fell softly as the red sun, heavy and sultry, dipped nearer and nearer to the dense purple of the low horizon, and then passed out of sight.

Joe was a child again, rambling over chalk hills and down into the wooded valleys in search of bird's-nests; he was straying from school; wandering far over the lonesome plain; quenching his boyish thirst at a tiny stream; living again through every stage of childhood and youth that now seemed idealised to his numbed and failing senses. He would not break the spell by rising; there was time enough and to spare, he thought, as he gazed lovingly at the outline of the old mill, now blurred by some mistiness about his eyes.

His city life dropped from him like a discarded garment, and once again he was at one with the homeland. Deeper and deeper still his sense of peace and satisfaction grew. His long-cherished hope had been fulfilled.

A little later, had he still been conscious, he might have heard, floating upward from the plain, the faint echo of a whistle telling of the returning train. But Joe had obeyed a sublimer summons.

A shepherd passing that way found him in his last long sleep, and, calling help, carried him once again across the threshold of the little cottage wherein his happiest days were passed.

SOME SHAVING HINTS.

The process of shaving, whether you use a safety razor or an ordinary old-fashioned blade, need not be a painful one if you go the right way about it.

If your skin is very tender, it is advisable to shave with cold water, but, if the skin will stand it, hot water will give you a more rapid shave, for it softens the stubble better than cold.

Men with tender skins should shave downwards only, and should never attempt to do any part of their faces upwards—not even the cheeks.

Always wipe the razor well after you have washed the soap off it, and strop it thoroughly before laying it aside. If a speck of water happens to be left on the steel and you observe a spot of rust, remove it at once by applying a little grease, and, if necessary, by rubbing it with a piece of pumice stone.

There are many little economies that may be practised by the careful shaver. One of them is in the matter of soap. Shaving soap is of a special kind, and a good deal more expensive than ordinary soap; the fragments of it, therefore, are worth saving. They should be pressed into an empty cold cream jar or shaving dish, mixed with a little water, and allowed to stand until they form a solid mass. They will then provide you with a fresh supply of shaving soap free of cost.

Cheap shaving brushes are usually troublesome, for the bristles keep coming out. This annoyance may be avoided if you take the simple precaution of twisting a piece of thin wire, or even string, round and round the bristles just above where they are fixed. This will keep them secure.

BOW TIES.

And How to Tie Them.

The tying of a bow tie presents no small difficulty to most men, but, with practice and perseverance, it can be mastered by the clumsiest of individuals.

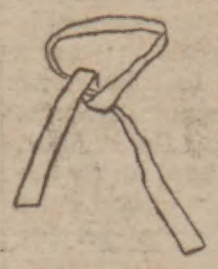
It is essential for the well-dressed man that he should be able to tie his own bow ties. A made-up morning bow is an impossible thing, and though many men stick to the made-up bow with evening dress, where its conventional and perfect shape does not look so much out of place, a badly-tied bow is usually preferred in smart society to the most perfect made-up one.

The first stage.

I have already referred on my own page to Mr. Jerome's plan of practising on the neck of his water-jug, and the beginner will do well to adopt it, keeping the sketches given in this article before him.

But the ability to adorn a water-jug with an immaculate bow is not everything. And the longer you practise on your own neck before a mirror the more proficient you will become.

When you first put the tie round your collar, see that you get the right-hand end slightly longer than the other. Double this end through and over the other, as in the second sketch, until you have an ordinary thumb-knot tied round your neck. Pull this up as tight as possible.



The preliminary thumb knot.

The next thing is to take the shorter end, and double it neatly back as in the third sketch, taking care to keep it as flat as possible, and not to get it twisted. The long end will hang down in front of it, also as flat as possible.

The step that follows is the one that usually presents the greatest difficulty, and it is difficult to explain by means of diagrams.

By following the last sketch closely you will observe that the hanging end has been doubled back, and the loop thrust through from left to right (or right to left, if you are tying the tie on yourself).

The two loops should be rather shorter than the two loose ends, so that when the knot is drawn tight the ends will be of the same length.

The first half of the bow.

The bow will, of course, be drawn much tighter than is shown in the sketch, and the two ends on either side will be brought into a straight line. A loosely tied bow always looks slipshod and untidy, and is liable to come undone at any time.

The alternative method given below is especially useful if the tie happens to be too long for your neck, as most bow ties are. The average outfitter keeps only one stock length, forgetting that apart from the difference in the size of men's collars, different men have different tastes with regard to the size of the bow.

The bow complete.

A bow that looks almost as well and is very much easier to tie can be made by a slight variation in the ordinary process.

Having arrived at the stage shown in the third sketch, take the hanging end singly up behind the loop, and instead of making a second loop, simply tuck the loose end away between the collar and the neck-band of the shirt.

It will thus be completely hidden, and the absence of the second loop will scarcely be noticed, while the difficulty of getting both ends veen is done away with.

If your tie is too long, however, it is best to take strong measures, and have a piece cut out at the back—not off one end, as this spoils the shape.

L. H. SAUNDERS.

SHOULD YOU?

AN IRRITATING QUESTION.

It is a pretty common notion among men, I believe, that if they chose they would have little difficulty in telling you exactly how they would act under given circumstances.

This confidence in their powers of understanding assumes that they have explored and are familiar with all the ramifications of their personality.

I wonder whether it is justified. Of course I know that when a person comes to me for advice, tells his tale, and winds up by asking, "Now, what should you do?" he is merely requiring me to endorse his own opinion. Should my advice prove contrary to his expectations, he quite probably goes away thinking me a special specimen of the genus idiot.

That is the worst of the query "Should you?" It suggests that you possess a Solomon-like fund of wisdom, that all that is necessary is for you to express your colossally wise opinion on the subject—and then, when you have spoken freely and eloquently, you have the bitterness of hearing, "Yes, that's exactly what I thought about it."

The insidious inquiry is nothing but an artful dodge for shifting the onus of responsibility. A pal says: "Should you ask her to marry you, if you were me?" And whatever your reply, whether yes or no, the results are certain to be disastrous to your friendship before you are much older.

Or someone opines that such-and-such shares look like going up, and adds: "Should you buy?" But all the time he has made up his mind to have a flutter, and he only wants a kicking-block if his anticipations should prove disappointing.

Just the same with horse-racing. You are inveigled into verbal agreement with the belief that Dishwater will win the Washup Stakes, and when the beggar pauses for sad soliloquy you get an unclean lot of abuse slung at you for tipping such a crock.

Oh, it is the very deuce of a question! I recommend all haters of trickery to smite mightily the next individual who puts it to them. Don't stop to argue; hit him again, before he has recovered from his surprise, then, if he should be one of those brutal fellows, likely to hit back, hurry away.

Another way—if you dislike militant methods—is to wait patiently until he reaches the insinuating query "Should you?" then retort with dignity, "Please yer bloomin' self. I've 'ad sum."

If men are so sure of their ability to judge their course of action in given circumstances, why, in the name of sanity, should they need the assistance of someone else!

It is only when the question is applied personally that it takes on an earnest and particular importance. It is the self-interrogation which prefaces an action of moment; it is the brink of decision.

How many times have you halted to say "Should you?" to yourself, and turned back! There is inevitability about some situations of life from which one cannot escape, but there are also many where choice is allowed and a pause to consider is at least discreet.

I have no admiration for the doubtful, indecisive character, but the man who goes for things like a bull at a gate is pretty sure to get a bruised skull.

"Should you?"—with accent on the first word—is an interrogation to be made of yourself at deeper moments, perhaps when you are feeling depressed and trammelled by every circumstance of your life; when you wonder how much you are missing by not striking out for yourself; when you have a powerful impulse for freedom—then the question is necessary to prevent folly.

The dissatisfaction of young men is nothing but a proof of growth; it suggests that the soil in which they have been nourished is becoming incapable of developing them further.

You may be hesitating about changing your berth, bothered with queries like—Should you do better? Should you regret it? Should you discover you had exchanged the frying-pan for the fire?

Well, all I can say is—Should you succeed, you will be a bigger man than before.

DAVID COOPER.

JUMPING A HORSE.

A LESSON IN THE ART OF HORSEMANSHIP.

For the man who ever means to take up that sport of sports fox-hunting, the ability to jump a horse over a fence is essential, but the art is one which is also desirable for the man who merely rides on the flat and has no intention of doing work across country.

No horseman can consider himself complete unless he can take a jump safely and neatly, and it is to be regretted that this matter does not receive closer consideration at the hands of certain mounted Territorial corps. In some there are undoubtedly fine jumpers, but in most this branch of horsemanship is entirely neglected.

It may seem to be begging the question when I tell you that the best way of learning jumping is to get the horse to teach you.

LOW JUMPS FIRST.

A good fencer will take a man over a leap and teach him more of the game in half a minute than I could do in half an hour. Essentially, jumping is a thing that must be learned by practice, but at the same time I offer these few hints because I know that they will be the means of ensuring more rapid success and of preventing many a spill.

First and foremost, the jump to which the novice puts his horse should be a very low one—a couple of feet or two and a half feet high at the most.

It should also be made of basketwork or of horse interlaced, and it should be propped in position by a couple of sticks not thicker than a lead pencil. When the beginner faces such a fence he knows that no serious accident can occur, and confidence is half the battle.

My next caution to him is to sit tight. Under ordinary circumstances one rides, of course, more by balance than by grip, but in taking a fence you must grip as hard as you can with the calves of your legs, for only by doing so can you avoid being thrown if the horse swerves to the side or stops stock still.

THE NEED FOR GRIP.

If you are riding by balance alone under such circumstances, your body, owing to the momentum at which you have advanced, takes the fence if the horse does not; but if you are gripping properly, you simply wheel round without much effort.

I should advise the novice to take such a fence as I have described at least half a dozen times for several evenings in succession. The rise of the horse at an obstacle of this description is very slight, but it will be quite sufficient to teach him to incline his body when his mount takes off, and to throw it back as he reverses and lands on the other side.

You should keep on at this low jump till you have perfected yourself in the movement and are able to do it automatically and without any thinking about it.

WITHOUT STIRRUPS.

Before trying anything higher, it is advisable for you to practise the jump without stirrups. Do not allow the stirrups to dangle at your horse's sides, for they may come back with some force against your shins, but cross them in front of you. You will find it, after a little practice, a tolerably easy matter to jump without stirrups, and being able to do so may come in handy if you happen to lose a stirrup when riding at a fence.

The next thing I should advise to the man who wants to make himself really a master of jumping is that he should practise going over without the reins. Knot the reins together, though not too far down, and drop them on the horse's neck. Put your hands in your pockets, give the word, and ride boldly at the fence.

I should most strongly recommend that the first attempt without stirrups, or without the reins, should be made upon a horse which you have jumped many times, and to whose style you have adapted yourself.

The mention of reins brings one to the old and knotty problem of lifting a horse.

Can you assist a horse to take his fence by pulling upon his mouth at the right moment? There are some authorities who argue that you can, and some who are equally certain that you cannot. Both parties give scientific explanations backing up their assertions, and some have even gone so far as to produce geometrical diagrams, proving whatever they want to prove.

THE TRUTH ABOUT LIFTING.

Probably the truth is that some horses can be assisted by the reins while others are best left alone. It must always be remembered that every horse has his own style, just as every rider has his.

There is one point in connection with the reins, however, about which there is only one opinion, and that is the need of letting the horse have his head on landing.

His head is thrown up as he rises, but as he lands he extends his neck, and pulls you forward out of the saddle if you have been unwise enough to keep a tight, short rein.

If your grip is powerful and your arms strong, he may be unable either to pull the reins through your fingers or to pull you forward, and it is quite possible that he himself will come a cropper, for he will be unable to extend and right himself.

TO PREVENT BEING PULLED FORWARD.

The best plan is to ride a jump with long reins, drawing the hands back to the thighs as the horse throws his head up, and allowing the arms to go forward as far as required when he extends on landing.

The use of the whip or the spur in putting a horse to his fence is a matter about which a good deal has been written, and, again, a matter upon which the authorities are much divided.

The horse which really enjoys jumping—and many a horse does—will go at his fence with enthusiasm, and without requiring any persuasion, but there are others which always slack off when they see a fence in front of them, and which, if they were not urged forward, would take off too short and possibly land on top of the fence instead of on the other side.

It becomes necessary to show your mount, under these circumstances, that you do not intend to stand any nonsense on his part.

In dealing with such a horse, the whip is undoubtedly superior to the spur. If you spur a horse as he is about to take off, you may spoil his jump altogether, for the action of the spurs tends to make him draw his hind feet beneath him. Besides, you ought to be gripping all the time with the calves of your legs, and you cannot do that and use the spurs simultaneously, at least, not to any effect.

F. PARSONS.

THE JOYS OF FOOTER.

By AN ENTHUSIAST.

At last the footer season has returned. I have looked forward to it all through the weary months of summer, and seem barely to have existed.

Summer sports are not for me. The hardest game of tennis has not the snap or vigour of a tussle on the football field, and as for cricket or boating, they are a good deal too slow and stately for me.

What is the use of a sport that is carried on in an atmosphere of strawberries and cream and sun-shades, with a lot of silly women looking on and asking idiotic questions? Their interest in sport cannot be so very great, for in autumn and winter they retire. The footer field knows them not; it is too cold to please them, and they are no longer anxious to display their frills and furbelows.

I suppose I am something of an extremist, but sport seems only to become enjoyable again when there is a nip in the air that seems to lend a man vigour, and a real good sweat comes only as the reward of hard exercise, without any external aid from a blazing sun.

The smell of a good, rough frieze or a Harris tweed is worth more to me than all the scents of summer. And it all spells "footer" to the enthusiast.

I don't get much chance to indulge in my favourite game, it is true, for an office claims my unwilling services during the week, but I make the most of Saturday afternoons, when I play the game for all it is worth.

There are still a few amateur clubs in England where one can play soccer for love and not for money, and where spectators are not catered for. I have been fortunate enough to get into the first eleven of one of these, and my fellow-members are some of the best.

I am no international, and with the little time I can spare for the game I shall never rise above mediocrity, but that does not make me any the less keen. I want to play the game myself, and not to sit still and watch others playing it.

Is there any feeling in life to equal the exhilaration that you get after a long run down the field with the ball at your toes and the fastest men of the other side tearing after you and straining every nerve to rob you of it; or after a good hard drive into your opponent's goal, when the ball seemed like to shoot through the net, that stops its progress and proves incontestably that you have found your mark?

Football is no milk-and-water game where you loaf around half the day and only exert yourself at intervals; nor is it an exercise where you put all you know into it for five or ten minutes, as at running or rowing, and then all is over.

No. The footer match, either Rugger or Soccer, means seventy minutes or so of good, strenuous effort, especially if you are a forward, as I am. There is no time for slacking, you are on the move the whole time, and the man who cannot last is worse than useless.

You may say it is a pastime that you cannot indulge in by yourself, or in your own time. It takes twenty-two men to make a game of Soccer. But isn't there something to be said for rubbing up against men—literally as well as metophorically? You seem to assimilate some of their vigour, and to find a new vigour of your own.

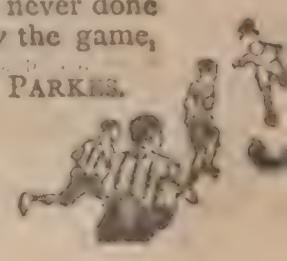
It is a game where grit and perseverance tell, and, if anything, those qualities are typical of the Britisher.

It can induce, better than any other pastime, that delicious feeling of lassitude that comes after a bath, a hard rub down, and a solid tea, and makes an arm-chair and a pipe the most desirable things in the world, while nothing else matters in the least.

In short, it is the finest game in the world, especially for the man who from lack of leisure has to take his exercise in concentrated form.

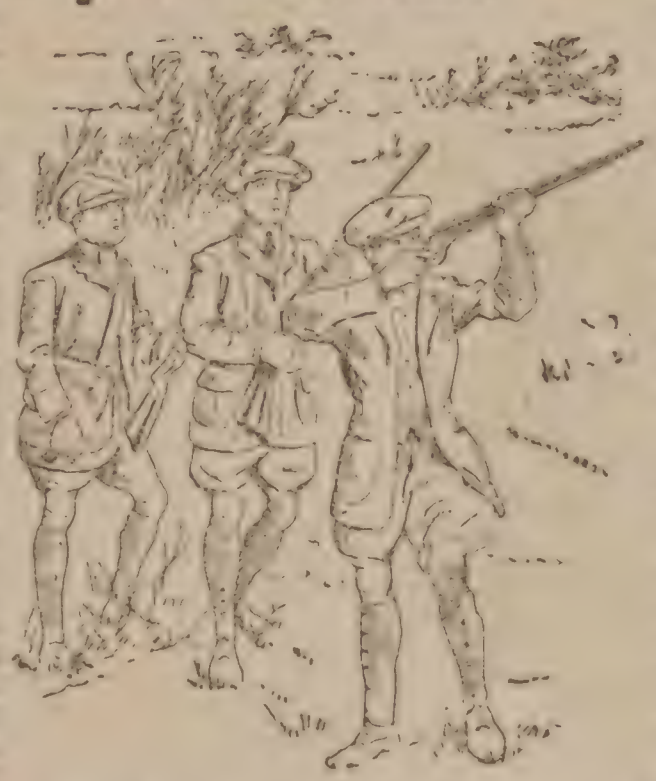
Take it up this season if you have never done so before, but, whatever you do, *play* the game, don't watch it.

ELIOT PARKES.



WHERE MEN FOREGATHER

XXIX. IN THE STUBBLE.



September — the first, tranquil, softly-touched note of autumn — when Nature's roundelay is melting into its exquisite minor key; September, when the leaves brown and fall, and the harvest is over; September, when the sound of shooting echoes over the fields, and the little brown bird is doomed to die.

It is very coolly announced in all the almanacs: "September 1. Partridge shooting begins," but to the man who can afford the time and expense of the sport it means a great deal more: his guns to be looked to, his cartridge supply to be bought, his attire to be laid out, and, lastly, his flask and lunch basket to be replenished once again. Then he retires to bed "to sleep," and more than "perchance to dream" of the partridge, who, being by this time free of his natural enemies, the weasels, that relish him as a fledgling, and the carrion crows, that have a taste for partridge eggs, now has only man and foxes to fear.

The sport of partridge shooting, to all but the small farmer who has a covey or two visiting his fields occasionally, is particularly expensive.

A COSTLY SPORT.

One has either to preserve the game, or hire the shooting, and on some of the best partridge grounds this runs into figures beyond the cheque-book of all but the most opulent. Therefore, we may expect to find the man who has been invited to a partridge shoot exceptionally favoured by Providence in the gratification of all his sporting instincts.

This is the proverbial Englishman of the type who, it is written, must "go out and kill something"—and the fair-minded who can admire without being socialistically envious, must admit that he is, as a class, a fine man, clean-limbed, clear-eyed, and with that well-groomed appearance about him which bespeaks the healthy-spirited, healthy-minded sportsman who "tubs" every morning.

I can find no other simile which so adequately expresses my meaning. He looks a "decent chap" and, in most cases, he is.

One cannot throw metaphorical mud at him, nor pick out anything at all which detracts from his manliness.

A MAN FOR A' THAT.

There is power in his blue-veined, brown hands, and accuracy in his eye. His broad, fine shoulders set off to perfection a well-cut Harris tweed Norfolk, his headgear may be anything from a tweed cap to a deer-stalker, his breeches, leggings and shooting boots are in tone with it all. In short, his dress is good stuff, and the man is good stuff also—and all this excuses him for having so much more money than the majority of us. The world is always the better for a manly man—even if he is only a wretched Duke.

On the night before the shoot it behoves sportsmen to pray to Fortune for a fine day and good sport on the morrow. There is a partridge drive over Colonel Blank's or Sir Something's estate, and the sportsman is in his element again.

He walks out with the party, his boots crackling over the stubble, his gun under his arm in the approved fashion, and his loader, bearing another, following behind.

Sportsmen in all stations of life, from dog fanciers to hunting men, are cheery, good-natured fellows, and over the stubble you can hear the echo of gay badinage thrown from one to another, anecdotes with more or less point, stories of alleged good shots gone wrong, and indifferent shots bringing off the seemingly impossible—ay, and perhaps a lull now and then in the conversation. The name of an old friend is mentioned.

"Yes—*poor* old chap. Damn it, the best of us go first, and we hardened sinners seem to live on."

"And I remember last season, when we were shooting over Sir Billy's place, old Billy——"

The flood-gates of old memories are opened, They are telling tales of good times, and laughing over the drizzly days when the report of the gun sounded heavy and thickly on the damp air.

"Lordy, we *did* get a soaker that day."

"Yes. And *I* went home in a pair of the lodge-keeper's breeks, and the landlord of the Spotted Cow lent me his oily. Four mile over the sludgy fields, and no sign of even a dilapidated carrier's cart on the road. Ugh!"

WAITING.

By this time they have taken up their positions, waiting for the birds to be driven up wind. You can see the keen expectancy in their eyes. Behind each sportsman stands the loader, ready to hand the double-barrel to his master when the covey, headed by the cock bird, shall rise over a clump of trees and sweep on to the fatal hedge, or to the stubble field where the guns are.

And over it all is the September sun, smiling softly, and not heatedly and fiercely as he did in the August days. The scents of the hedge-rows and the countryside are borne on the light, caressing softness of the breeze.

It is then that a man in the City may envy the lot of the country gentleman—but no more, mark you, than he should envy the farmer. It is not the man, but the circumstance that gives to your fellow-man the enjoyment of the mellow autumnal day. That is half your sportsman's pleasure, although, perhaps, he hardly realises it himself. There is something more even than the "killing something," imperceptible, perhaps, but nevertheless there.

FAST AND FURIOUS.

And now there is a stir among the shooting party; the birds are coming over from the wood. Then it is judgment—judgment of the best—especially when the covey is driven down wind. This is the great test of the shooter's capacity which makes for the sport and the enjoyment thereof.

Coming! Then the field resounds to the fusillade as the covey rises over—and the mellow autumnal day is no more, the scents of the hedgerows are as nothing; it is powder—only powder. And there is a smile on the sportsman's face as he takes his swift aim, and the loader hands him his spare gun . . . right and left . . .

Down comes one, and then another.

You try not to look all the pleasure you feel for you would not have it thought to be an exceptional feat—or an accident. And they refrain from congratulating you, lest they should by doing so infer that they were surprised at your skill.

And so you go on throughout the day, sometimes happy in your hits, but always happy in being out in the open, with a gun across your shoulder, and the stubble scraping against your boots.

Yes, a good bag. Pick up this plump little dead thing, still warm with the glazed, half-closed, tiny eye. In life beautiful, in death delicious. Can the finest of us say so much for our mighty selves?

PETER GILCHRIST.

UNHAPPY TEACHERS.

A PROFESSION TO AVOID.

There are many thousands of young fellows in this country to-day who, once ambitious and hopeful about their work and prospects, are now slaving out their lives in the profession which enticed them with specious promises and then flagrantly cast them adrift when the time for fulfilment came.

I speak of the teaching profession, and more especially of the elementary branch, in which some hundred thousand men are engaged in instilling the rudiments of a sound education into the rising generation.

The elementary teacher is generally chosen from among the cleverest boys in the upper class of his school. He enters the profession not so much from deliberate choice, but because this seems a natural and easy drifting into a means of livelihood. In the eyes of the ignorant parent, too, the schoolroom is decidedly more classy than the office, and this fact alone often prompts the proud father to put his son into a work for which he will eventually find himself totally unsuited.

In the first stages of the probationers' career they have certainly little to grumble about. The hours are short, the holidays long, and the salary compares favourably with that paid to other youths of their age.

Then, after three or four years of this "picnicking," comes the Preliminary Certificate Examination. The candidates who pass with sufficient merit may enter a training college for a period of two years. Those who elect to enter a school may start earning their bread straight away, but these "untrained" are marked men and can never hope to attain an eminent post.

Remember that during the two years the students are in residence they have to pay some twenty guineas in fees and are earning nil. And they are giving the best years of their lives, for when their training is finished they are under a bond to serve in a Government school—they must take the profession like the marriage ceremony, for better or worse.

The final exam. passed, the students leave as certificated masters. All are eager to be earning something again after the long spell of inactivity.

And now comes the first disillusionment. Likely there are no vacant posts for some hundreds of them. The Government has spent thousands on their training, and now, when they are anxious to put forth the fruits of their experience, the places which are rightly theirs in the Government and rate-aided schools are relegated to untrained, uncertificated, and often uneducated teachers.

There is nothing to do but wait, wait, wait, or as many ex-students do, take a position as uncertificated teacher at a very low salary.

This is not the only drawback to the profession. Some great sage has said that variety is the essence of life. Certainly it is the monotony of the teacher's life that kills his individuality and stifles the finer elements of his nature.

With a hide-bound curriculum to work at, with masters many to please, not to mention the Council and Government inspectors, who often work at cross-purposes, the lot of the schoolmaster is far from enviable.

The chances are six to one that he will never secure a headship, and, should he eventually do so, he will find his time fully occupied with the pettifogging clerical duties imposed by the local authority.

I could cite a score of other grievances did space permit. The social standing of the teacher, as everybody is aware, is "rotten," to put it mildly. I have heard his pension (payable at sixty-five years of age, towards which he is compelled to contribute) described by a naval officer as a "blackguard's pension"—meaning, I suppose, that the lowest ranks of the Navy draw an equally miserable pittance, although this is given them (gratuitously) upon their retirement.

After years of expensive study, B.A.'s and M.A.'s can only command a commencing salary of £100-£110 per annum, and upon this they must keep themselves and family well dressed

E. R. STOLLARD

WHY STORE THE BIKE?

DOES THE CYCLING SEASON END WITH SUMMER?

Cyclists, as a rule, are of two kinds—those to whom the cycle is merely a means of getting from place to place in less time and with less expenditure of time and energy than would be required for walking, and those whom the bike provides with an excellent sport, fine exercise, and a means of seeing the country.

The first class are no doubt by now in the majority, for the motor-car and bicycle have won over many who were once ardent cyclists.

The approach of winter, of course, can make but little difference to those who use their bikes merely to take them to and from work or for similar purposes. They are mostly dwellers in the towns, where the roads are not largely affected by the weather, and they cannot afford to dispense with the bike during the winter months.

But there is a tendency with the genuine long-distance cyclist, with the man who thoroughly enjoys his frequent spins or occasional tours during the summer months, and who uses his machine mainly on country roads, to put it away when winter comes on.

He will carefully grease its handle-bars and jointed parts, he will deflate the tyres and suspend the bike from the ceiling of the shed, or turn it upside down, for he knows the damage to the tyres that may result, especially in frosty weather, from their sustaining the weight of the machine for months on end. Then he will swathe the bike in warm coverings to keep out the damp, and leave it till the spring.

A SAD CEREMONY.

It is a sad proceeding, and probably he thinks the while of the many enjoyable rides he has had on his old friend throughout the summer, and he does not leave it to its fate without a sigh.

But why should he do so at all? Why treat your bike as a fair-weather friend, who is to be set aside and stored through the dark days of winter? If you have chosen the right sort of machine, if you have a good lamp, and anything of the hardiness of a man about yourself, the bike should be of service to you at any hour of the day or night, and at any time of the year.

Moreover, it will suffer incomparably less by being kept in occasional, if not constant, use during the winter months than by being stored and probably neglected. The metal may rust, the rubber perish, and the saddle become mildewed, and in spite of all precautions great damage may be done before it is discovered.

HOW TO DEAL WITH MUD.

Why not keep the bike in constant use throughout the winter? The Saturday afternoon spin can be just as enjoyable even if the roads are a bit muddy, and it provides far better exercise and recreation than watching a football match.

What can equal the joy of cycling along a hard frosty road that glitters in the sunlight like a track of diamonds, while the ice upon the shallow puddles crackles sharply under your tyres, and the nip in the air gives a vigour that is unknown in the heat of summer?

Even mud can do you no harm if you take proper precautions. Mud-guards, of course, are essential, and a leather flap at the bottom of the front one will be a useful addition.

To prevent the mud caking on the inside of the mud-guard, it is an excellent plan to smear the metal with paraffin, and the same treatment may be given to the rim-brake and other parts which are liable to get clogged with mud.

When cleaning the bike in muddy weather do not be afraid of using water freely. In India, where labour is so cheap that Europeans have a separate servant for everything, the "syce" whose duty it is to clean his master's bicycle and do nothing else, always starts by shooting a bucket of water over the whole thing. He rubs it down so rapidly afterwards that no damage can result, and the machine comes out as clean as a new pin.

NOT FOR REGULAR USE.

I do not recommend such heroic measures for the ordinary periodic cleaning, for, if one happens to be called away in the middle, or does not devote one's whole energies to the work, the results are apt to be disastrous.

The side-slip, no doubt, presents terrors to many when the roads are wet and greasy, as English roads usually are in autumn and winter, but with proper care the risk is slight. Keep your tyres well pumped-up—it is a fallacy to suppose that a slack tyre gives a better grip of the ground—and take all corners as wide as you can, and you will be but little troubled with them.

The experienced cyclist knows exactly when a side-slip is possible, and slows down, keeping a foot in readiness to save himself from muddy disaster.

THE BEST TIME OF YEAR.

Autumn and winter cycling, to me, at least, has greater attractions than in the hotter weather of summer. You get the roads more to yourself. Motors are fewer and dust almost non-existent. Even your fellow-cyclist, whom you do not want to meet in too great numbers, is not so much in evidence.

The inns and hotels reduce their charges considerably. You feel that the hosts are glad to get you, and they can do more to make you comfortable than in the rush of the holiday season. And, above all, the country is really more beautiful. The browns and yellows and reds of autumn are unsurpassed by the uniform green of summer, and in winter the beauty of outline that the trees present is even greater than the beauty of colour in their foliage.

JOHN GERVAISE.

MONEY-MAKING.

You can make a good deal of money by disposing of those odds and ends that you no longer want.

You know the sort of things we mean—the bicycle of last season, the dog who is one too many, the camera which you have ceased to use.

You can find a purchaser for each and all of them by inserting a short advertisement in our Readers' Sale and Exchange.

Those who have tried this medium are loud in its praise, because it has put them in touch with the men they wanted.

There isn't anything you can't buy or sell through that page—provided, of course, that it concerns men, for these are our readers.

AN INTERLUDE.

A HUMAN SKETCH.

After his last speech there was a long silence.

The woman leaned forward and looked at him. In the great brown eyes was ineffable contempt.

Hardened as the man was, he winced. Then he shrugged his shoulders. If she would take it like this, well, she must.

She was not the first—he even admitted in his own mind that she would not be the last.

They were seated in a balcony, which overhung a lovely, old-world garden, and beyond the arbutus and laurel hedge which bounded it were the grass covered cliffs, and below them the sea. An ideal spot for a pair of lovers!

But love's glorious summer was over for the woman, and the winter of her discontent and disillusionment was near at hand.

"You really mean to leave here?" she said slowly.

"Certainly," he yawned, "it has been a very pleasant little change from town existence."

The gleam that came into those brown eyes might have warned him. But Jack Foster was no wiser in his amours than other men.

"And when will you come back?" she breathed, rather than spoke the words.

"Come back?" he echoed. "My dear girl, there is no question of my coming back."

"But you said—you promised——"

"Bah! A man in love says many things." He laughed a little irritably.

"You mean," she pursued, her tone curiously quiet.

"Oh! hang it all—don't you understand? This has been an interlude." Such interludes are common with such men.

"Ah!" she said. "Just a pause in the year's occupation." She finished for him, still in that peculiarly even tone.

He laughed.

"And I—what of me?" she demanded, rising to her full height, grand of figure, with a face few men would have tired of in so short a time. She was splendid in her anger.

"So," he returned. "Go back to the stage, my dear, and 'pon my soul, you ought to thank me, for, judging from to-night, you're a finer actress than you were when I first saw you."

"Thanks." A mocking smile flitted over the woman's face—a smile so terrible that it would indeed have made her famous as a tragedienne.

"It was an interlude, you say?"

"Did you think it was an eternity?" he sneered.

The last crimsoning rays of the sun faded into gold, the last twitter of the birds died away, and the soft hush and haze of evening stole over the garden.

The man looked up.

And the woman answered:

"I agree it was indeed an interlude—but the last."

He started forward—warned too late.

A shot rang out, breaking the meditative silence of the night, and Jack Foster fell backwards, crushing the fragrant flowers and staining their petals with a ruddier, darker dye.

"I think this interlude will be eternal." The woman spoke softly, looking down on the prostrate form with the same awful smile on her scarlet mouth.

Then she stooped and kissed him, heeding not that her white skirts were dabbled with red—red as the shame she had suffered at his hands!!

Then she went, with that slow grace of hers, down the steps into the garden, passing through the wicket gate out on to the cliffs, down to where the sea was calling her—calling her with the voice which those that hear it never disregard—to that magnificent baptistry wherein she might be washed pure of her sins.

* * * * * *

They found Jack Foster early the next day, but the manner of his death was wrapped in mystery.

The woman had disappeared. Her they would never find—until the day when the sea shall give up its dead.

A. M. STEWART.

A TERRITORIAL SKETCH.

TWIDDLES

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

I must admit that it seems to me somewhat out of place that a member of His Majesty's Territorial Force should be designated simply Twiddles. There is no particular dignity about it.

Twiddles would have termed his hair a reddish-brown. His friends merely said it was carroty—yet, somehow, they never gave him that euphonious nickname. Whatever the drawbacks popular prejudice assigns to his hair, Twiddles' youthful face wears the sweet calm of a ministering angel, for all that it is freckled and reddens slightly in the sun of the annual camp.

I have seen Twiddles at his work and Twiddles at his ease. I admire him in both characters.

Observe, too, his peaceful disposition. With his own lips he told me he had never handled a rifle in his life officially—or was "not supposed to."

So I said to Twiddles: "Why?"

We were all of us lying in picturesque positions at the time—stretched full length on the prickly grass of the East Coast sand-dunes. Beyond a hillock, whereon a hastily-improvised look-out was fixed in the form of a tall, cleft pole, we could just hear the North Sea hissing over the pebbles and splashing musically. On the blue sea, ships stood full-sailed "like painted ships upon a painted ocean." Above, the sun was making up for lost time. We could feel his generous warmth on our backs as we lay looking out seawards.

I had then known Twiddles for the space of ten minutes. That was the reason I said to Twiddles: "Why?"

Twiddles gazed at me with all the scorn a Territorial private accords a mere trooper who owes allegiance to another corps, and who, in addition, cannot use his eyes.

Then he said: "Look here."

I looked.

On Twiddles' arm, and also on the arm of one Josh, his comrade, was stitched a badge, and that badge is not without its distinction.

It was simply a red cross set in a white circle—the insignia of the Royal Army Medical Corps. That at once explained why Twiddles was "not supposed to" know aught of the use of firearms. The Red Cross neither fires nor is fired on—or rather, in the words of Twiddles, is "not supposed to."

I begged Twiddles' pardon for that I had asked a silly question. I admitted that I was as blind as a bat is in the daytime, and then I produced my old peace-making tobacco pouch to hand it round to Josh and Twiddles.

"No, thanks," said Twiddles, "I know exactly how I'm constructed, you see—but *you* don't. Otherwise, perhaps, you wouldn't smoke. When man inhales tobacco smoke it travels down the ——"

"Oh, shut up!" said Josh, "and don't be so filthy technical. Look here, old sport, Twiddles is enough to drive a whole bally field hospital mad with his bloomin' theories. Of course, where we come from there are doctors who give us private lectures and lend a hand generally, all gratis and free for nothing, as if the Eastern Mounted Brigade Field Ambulance Corps, which is attached to the R.A.M.C., were merely plurry out-patients in a brick-and-mortar hospital. Well, when a nervous young medico who has been cuttin' up worms at Cambridge attempts to lecture the Eastern Mounted Brigade Field Ambulance Corps he's all in a tremble lest old Twiddles should jump up and correct him. Scandalous, I call it! Twiddles, why weren't you a sawbones?"

"I wish I had you for a patient, Joshua," said Twiddles, feelingly.

"Well you've had me for most things," remarked Josh, sarcastically, including a week's pay at 'Banker' last night."

"You'd only have spent the money at the canteen," said Twiddles, on the defensive, "So shut up. It's better to spend money on reckless gamblin' than on gettin' drunk. There's at least no deterrent physical effect. You don't wake up in the morning with spots in front of your eyes, due to ——"

"He's off again," said Josh, miserably, "Twiddles really ought to have written patent medicine advertisements for a living instead of dispensing for a doctor in sleepy old Medford."

Twiddles lifted his peak cap, adorned with the laurel-wreathed crest of the R.A.M.C., and wiped his brow.

"Oh, for a little *aqua pura*!" he said. "D'ye know I've discovered a lovely summer drink made out of a basis of *aqua chlor.* (ad lib.) *syr. simplex*, one or two simple essences, and a touch of lemon flavouring. You fizz the lot with a dust of bicarbonate of soda. Beats beer and intoxicating beverages hollow. In addition it's good for ——"

Josh swiftly placed a large hand over Twiddles' mouth, thereby, as he informed me afterwards, stopping a dissertation on the milder ailments of mankind.

"Well, all I've got to say," remarked Josh, "is that I'm sorry for any poor devil who ever gets under *your* care, Twiddles! When I was actin' my usual part of wounded hero this mornin', you bumped me down in the stretcher more as if I was next week's supply of grocery than anything else. You might have been a little more realistic in your acting, old sport. I'll swear I've got a bruise on my shoulder now through your misguided 'First Aid' methods. What were my 'orrible supposed injuries, though?"

"Let's see." Twiddles puckered his freckled forehead. "Shot wound in the muscles of the left thigh, broken tibia, various bleedin' arteries, and fractured skull. That was all, I think.

"Ho! Was it? Well, I shouldn't say your touch was precisely Miss Florence Nightingale's. Heaven grant you never have to attend to any of the Medfordshires' Sergeant-Majors in time of sanguinary conflict. Their feelin's are pretty easily hurt now, but then their language would be——"

"Effervescent," Twiddles put in. "But I was only payin' you out, you owl! If you remember, I told you I should."

"What do you mean?" Josh was evidently bewildered.

"You always had a weary memory," said Twiddles, delightedly. "Can't you remember the last day but one of the camp in 1908?"

"Hang it all, no!" exclaimed Josh, scornfully. "I've been drunk several times since then!"

"Well, allow me to remind you, my young friend, of a damnably damp day, when our boots were fairly squeedging through the slush."

"There were several days like that," said Josh reminiscently.

"But this was the worst day that could possibly be made for our lot," said Twiddles. "[illegible] blowin' half a gale and fairly sweepin' over the very sand-dunes! But of course our beloved superior officers fixed on it as 'now's the day, and now's the hour' for practice in putting up ma[illegible] and bell tents, furnishin' field hospitals, etcetera, at the double, so to speak. The men in charge of our ambulance wagon were half balmy, and the horses beautifully drenched, drippin', and steamin'.

"'Lovely practice!' says our superior o[illegible] carefully keeping under the cover of the amb[illegible] wagon hood, and ridin' all the blankety way.

"The boys—we're a mixed crew, I can tell y[illegible] travelled to the supposed scene of operati[illegible] variously mounted—some on foot an[illegible] a-horse. *I* had a horse. *Now* do you remem[illegible] Josh?"

"Lovaduck, yes!" replied Josh, laughing.

"Well, we're nuts on initiative in our lot. You've got to be a handy man in addition to a [illegible] nurse with dimples in your arm. Give most of [illegible] chaps (bar Josh) a tent peg and a few guide-ropes and they'll make a bell tent out of mother's last week's washin'.

"That day we'd come short of half the neces[illegible] appliances in our officers' eagerness for us to [illegible] a shower bath for the good of our souls. Yet, you'd seen one or two of 'em actually knockin' tent-pegs with their boots, while they did the balancing act on one leg, you'd have said there was devotion to duty left in the British Army ye[illegible] I might add, modestly, that *I* was one of those martyrs. Do you know anything about puttin' up tents? How many people know how a house is built that they live in all their lives?

"Well, puttin' up a marquee, to a man unused to the job, would be like a shoeblack sailing a racing yacht in the Solent. But with us it's different. It takes eight men to do the work, the whole thing occupies about ten minutes, takin' down takes less.

"How's that strike you? Rather warm, eh? But, you see the idea? It's the everlastin' active service conditions, you know. Things would have to be done smart if there was really [illegible] *grisly* work."

Twiddles' tone was joyous. He seemed to take an unholy delight in gore, broken limbs, and wounds generally.

"Any'ow, to revert to that day. The superior officers were havin' no end of a precious game with us. No sooner had we rigged up about half-a-dozen or less field hospitals—sufficient to meet all emergencies—than they gave orders for the bugles to sound the 'Retire.' This means a lot more work for us than for the combatin' Tommies.

"A service marquee, as you may know, has two poles. There are also two ways of taking it down, the right and the wrong, and half of it depends on the men outside.

"I was at one of the poles inside. Josh, here, brute's gone off to sleep—was sort of in charge of the 'leggo' outside. Previously he'd asked for riding back on my gee instead of walking. I refused. Accordin' to the rules of the game, it was a double quick 'Retire,' with the enemy supposed to be comin' on fast—a 'little scrimmage' the papers would term it. Our duties were to rescue bedding and general instrumental appliances which deal with the penalty of war.

"Well, the 'General Retire' sounds before you could wink your eyelid. Old Josh, quite [illegible] scentin' chances of baggin' my steed, shouts 'Leggo!'"

"I'd got the last pole half down, and, being last man inside, the whole weight fell on me truly. Lyin' beneath that damp, dripping, sodden canvas, all I could hear was Josh shoutin' out:

"Old Twiddles must be gone on with the other Bags I his hoss!"

"And this sleeping log here wonders why I want to make a post-mortem of him!"

Josh only snored comfortably.

Twiddles proceeded to bury him [illegible] cautiously. A woman's hand could not have been lighter.

That my already extensive slang vocabulary might not be added to, I retired ere Josh

AUTUMN FOR WALKING.

THE SEASON WHEN THE SPORTSMAN FEELS EXTRA FIT.

When the professional tramp [illegible] the first tinge of chilliness [illegible] the air, and finds the haystack [illegible] draughty and insufficient shelter [illegible] breaking weather, then [illegible] amateur tramp—who is after [illegible] "amateur" in its best and [illegible] meaning — turns his [illegible] to the road in keen [illegible] of a long season's [illegible] in the lanes and on [illegible] roads, along the hill sides [illegible] through the field paths.

[illegible]mn is, indeed, by general [illegible] the season of seasons for [illegible] who finds his pleasure [illegible] gun or horse or rod or [illegible] the lover of walking.

[illegible] these autumn months, [illegible] September till the darkest days just before [illegible]ristmas, walking affords the man with health, [illegible] and his eyes open, a period of very great and [illegible] enjoyment.

THE CHARM OF AUTUMN SCENERY.

The languor induced by summer's heat waves [illegible]ses away, and the blood begins to tingle and [illegible] something keener than the mild enjoy- [illegible] of seaside dallying. The man in a man [illegible] with himself and he will know no peace until the [illegible] satisfied.

There are innumerable reasons why in autumn [illegible] is, in any degree open to receive impressions [illegible] Nature: if his eye is not blind to the varied [illegible] of his surroundings, and if his ear is not [illegible] to the sounds that are awakened in the trees [illegible] and in the very atmosphere, he will be [illegible] to spend hour after hour in the open air and [illegible] for a moment feel that he lacks entertain- [illegible].

The real secret at the root of all autumn's [illegible]ination is that it is a season of change. Un- [illegible] the succession of grey short days of full [illegible]nter, and still less like the full tide of summer, it presents in frequent succession all the aspects of both as well as its own distinctive attractions.

The countryside is fuller of human life now [illegible] any other period of the year. Harvest in [illegible]ousand different forms is in full swing, and though a man may never realise the full significance of the activity of the fields so far as his own actual [illegible]ants and comforts are concerned, nevertheless the idea of harvest comes to him with a very pleasant suggestion of all that is beautiful and [illegible]ning in the life of his country.

VARIETY ON EVERY SIDE.

The [illegible] constantly changing impressions that [illegible] in the outward aspect of the [illegible] constitute one of its chiefest charms. No [illegible]on is so full of life and activity—poets and such kittle cattle notwithstanding.

Never a moment is atmosphere, sky or earth asleep or monotonous. As the walker swings [illegible] his chest to bursting point with the [illegible] comes laden with the rich scents of ripe- [illegible] from field and orchard, he passes through [illegible] whole year's pageant of nature in a single [illegible].

For a spell the sun will gleam from a great [illegible] in the scudding clouds as if June had [illegible]; but the next spell will witness the [illegible] angry sweep of clouds across his face, and [illegible] ominously black and threatening.

[illegible] in the very valley of the shadow of [illegible] and the resounding shots of the sportsmen [illegible] the partridges with right and left half a [illegible] across the stubbles come fitfully across on [illegible] gusty wind—now loud and clear, now fading away into something like a softened moan.

But this phase, too, passes on, and the tempered [illegible] of real autumn follows.

[illegible] is the most attractive aspect of the season. The walker strides out briskly with no inconvenience from the heat, the roads are alternately dry, and even dusty, or wet with short, sharp local showers that swish down from the shaded blue-black depths of isolated clouds, like sand from a sieve, licking the earth for a stretch, and catching up again, to dip yet once more farther on.

His feet now rustle among the earliest fallen leaves, and instinctively he passes through and not over them, treading almost softly, with sheer sensuous enjoyment.

For a moment he lets imagination run, and he can smell the pungent aroma of the November bonfire, of all scents the most suggestive of this ragged and changeable season.

And at the end of the day come its serenest moments. The sky has cleared, the red, round, autumn sun drops straight and swiftly down to the horizon, where already the evening mists have begun to gather.

THE TONIC OF THE EVENING AIR.

There is no warmth left in his rays, but he throws long, thin shadows across wide pastures, and, seen through the bare and shivering trees, he speaks of the coming chill night, when the first frost shall whiten the ground and give the air the fine keenness that gives it the sparkling qualities of foaming champagne.

And when the walker turns homeward he quickens his pace at the thought of the first fire that marks without a doubt the passing of summer and the beginning of the time for endless talk of sport and life, while logs crackle and splutter, and the pipe creates indoors a thicker mist than that which settles over the darkened landscape without.

C. EASTON-GREY.

"Little boy, you'll hurt that dog if you squeeze it so."

"Can't help it. It's been and swallowed my halfpenny."

SPOILING THE CLASSICS.

If anything were needed to prove the folly of our present system of education, we should find it in the ridiculous practice of using the classics as a means for the training of youthful brains.

The finest works of Greek and Latin authors are put to the ignominious purpose of text-books, which unhappy youngsters have to study on pain of punishment.

The result, of course, is that the boy's interest in classical literature is killed for ever. As soon as he leaves school, and the pains and penalties of negligence are for ever removed from him, he makes up his mind to forget all the smattering of the dead languages that he ever acquired; and he very soon succeeds in clearing his mind of them—probably to his great advantage, for modern life will not yield its fruits to a man whose brain is clogged with useless information.

In after life, the very mention of a Greek or a Latin word is distasteful to him, because it brings back to memory the most unpleasing moments of his schooldays.

At present we are killing all taste for the classics by forcing them upon youngsters whose minds are incapable of appreciating their beauties; these gems of literature should be held more sacred and should be reserved for those who voluntarily seek for them. There are plenty of other ways of educating the young.

"Send me a pair of brown shoes," wired a lady in Brighton to her husband in town. "The ladies here are wearing nothing else."

It is believed the railway companies are putting on extra trains.

PERKINS AS AN AVIATOR.

THE SAD STORY OF SOME OF HIS INVENTIONS.

Perkins is of a mechanical turn of mind.

He has invented no end of things—all impractical—from a gas-saving apparatus that was a terrible expense to a patent dust-consumer that promptly exploded.

He palms them off on his friends—the public refusing to believe in him. He pestered the Naval Authorities with his submarine—it now lies somewhere at the bottom of the sea, and is an object of interest to the inquisitive denizens of the deep.

As for his diver's dress—well! it nearly caused the death of the luckless chap whom he induced to try it on—he had forgotten the breathing paraphernalia altogether.

His patent domestic utensils are legion. There was a new kind of dutch-oven, which wound up and kept on revolving so quickly that it put the fire out. And there was a safe which was not only burglar-proof, but proof against everything but utter demolition. Perkins may be a genius, another Nasmyth, as he imagines, but he's a decided nuisance to all who know him.

He came round the other week with a novel electric bell arrangement. Capital, it was, and very clever, too! Only until the electricity gave out those bells never stopped ringing.

He invented a motor-car, but the people said they preferred the smell of the tannery, and the police made him put it away.

Now, having failed to do anything with the other elements, he has turned his attention to the air. He has become an aviator.

His first attempt was an ordinary—or, rather, extraordinary—balloon.

Tonks went up with him—poor Tonks—and the gas gave out when they were just over a tall building, and Tonks was deposited on the roof with a broken leg, while Perkins came down a lightning conductor.

Then he contrived a most peculiar aeroplane—Perkins himself admitted that it was somewhat faulty. The sea seemed to have a grudge against Perkins, and holds possession of its remains. Perkins reached home that time in a state of Nature.

The next flight Perkins took landed him in Farmer Jones's ash-pit, and a sorrier-looking object than the bird-man never presented itself to the wondering gaze of the yokels.

But he is certain he can beat Wright as a constructor and leave Blériot behind as an aviator, and he still keeps on.

His latest flying machine is a most weird-looking concern. A regular Frankenstein of a machine, with wings before and flappers behind that thresh the air. He took the idea from a winnowing machine, he says.

When Perkins is inside he looks for all the world like a fly in a spider's web.

He is trying to get his friends to go trial trips with him—all that have not been maimed in previous aerial voyages, that is.

They thought he was a harmless airship crank at first; now they have come to the conclusion that he has designs on their lives and limbs, and give him a wide berth.

There's one thing, Perkins certainly has got nearer heaven in his aeroplane than he's ever likely to get without it.

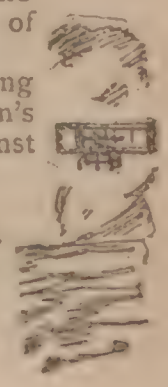
In his own village Perkins is looked upon with disapproval as interfering with Nature. In some quarters the inhabitants regard him as little better than a wizard, and few will go near the shed where he keeps his aeroplane after sunset.

"A-making unto himself wings as if the work of the Creator wasn't good enough for him," is the dictum of Polly Purden, and, as she keeps the village beerhouse, her words have a good deal of weight.

You see, the old women can't find anything about flying machines in Mother Shipton's prophecies; that's why they are dead against them.

Crass ignorance, says Perkins.

SIGISMUND SMITH.



THE ARMY QUARTERMASTER.

A MILITARY STUDY.

Yesterday he was Quartermaster-Sergeant Brown; he had to salute anything in the shape of an officer's uniform, and, if he had business at the officers' mess, he waited at the back door while a waiter took in his message.

To-day he is Quartermaster and Hon. Lieutenant Brown; he is entitled to address any save very senior officers by their surnames, and now if he goes to the officers' mess he enters by the front door and sits, where a few hours before he would not have been admitted.

It is a startling transition, and no doubt Brown's feelings are a trifle mixed.

He is proud, justly proud, when he recalls the day when, as a shivering, half-starved lad, he took the shilling, more from urgent need of food and shelter than any real desire for martial glory, and thinks how on his merits he has risen from one rank to another until now he has realised the summit of his ambition, and is an officer.

On the other hand, his promotion means the giving up of lifelong friends, associates, and habits.

Last night he and his old crony, the sergeant-major, had sipped their grog together in the sergeants' mess, and called each other Jack and Harry, but now Harry must salute Jack and call him "sir."

And then his rank is only honorary. Grey-haired though he may be, and with twenty years' service behind him, he is junior to the last-joined subaltern, for those who hold honorary rank are always junior of that rank.

If he is a married man, and he usually is, then his new position is not so embarrassing as for a bachelor, as he need not frequent the mess unless he likes.

On the other hand, Mrs. Quartermaster suffers for the new glory of her position.

She and Mrs. Sergeant-Major have been bosom friends ever since the day they married the two smart young corporals, but now there is an immeasurable gulf between them; and, at Mrs. Quartermaster's age, it is not easy to make new friends, especially when you are limited to ladies whom you have been taught for many years to regard with awe.

Still, there are compensations: Jack gets nine shillings a day instead of four, and there are certain pickings not unknown to quartermasters. And so the good lady buys a new silk dress and a book on etiquette, and tries hard to believe that she really enjoys entertaining Mrs. Colonel to tea, and having the officers calling on her and striving desperately to make conversation.

Jack, too, makes the best of things, and kids himself that he prefers sipping a glass of whisky and chewing a cigarette in the officers' mess to lolling in his shirt-sleeves with a clay pipe in his mouth and a tankard of stout and bitter by his side in the sergeants' sanctum.

The quartermaster is an important member of the regimental staff. He deals, as his name implies, with all questions concerning quarters, is responsible for the bread and meat supply for the troops, and, above all, is charged with the care of clothing and other stores, and if the machinery of his department were to break down in time of mobilisation there would be the dickens to pay.

He is responsible for the laying out of a camp, and he usually has to stand the racket when anything goes wrong with the supplies.

The quartermaster does not as a rule take a very active part in regimental life outside his official duties, but I knew one regiment that was "run" by its quartermaster.

Unlike most of his clan, he was a bachelor, a man of most exceptional ability, and he was the real commanding officer. As a rule, however, the quartermaster keeps himself very much to himself, and, either married or single, leads a lonely life, and probably his best time comes when, having reached the rank of hon. captain, he retires, drops the quartermaster, and becomes the much-admired military law-giver of some small suburban circle.

"CHINSTRAP."

MY NOTEBOOK.

IN OFF HOURS.

With reference to Mr. Scudamore's article, which recently appeared in THE MODERN MAN, in support of the practice now adopted by many London Territorials of wearing their walking-out uniforms in their leisure time, I have received a good deal of correspondence.

"I like the idea," says a Provincial reader, "and I should certainly wear my own uniform, which is a very fine one, at all times when I possibly could, if it were not for the fact that we Yeomen are considered to be swankers if we turn out in our regimental toggery except when we are actually going to drill.

"It is different with you fellows in London. There nobody knows whether you are going to drill or not, and you can please yourselves."

MILITARY NIGHTS.

I quite agree with my friend that the London Territorial has special opportunities for pleasing himself, but, if I may say so, the Provincial Territorial has almost equal opportunities.

I would not have you override public prejudice in this matter, for, if there is one thing a man hates more than another, it is to be considered guilty of swanking; but what I would suggest to Provincial Territorials is that they should band themselves together and turn out in uniform when they want to. In this way they give one another just that support which is required for confidence and comfort.

In my own regiment we not infrequently have what we call military nights at the local theatre, especially when the play is a musical comedy with plenty of pretty girls.

Then we meet at the rendezvous which Mr. Garratt calls the "Meteor," and agree to hie us in full war-paint to the stalls in the theatre.

Down the street we go, with spurs jingling and with as much confidence as anybody could wish for, and when we file into the stalls the eyes of the pretty maidens on the stage are focussed upon the blue and gold of the King's Own.

On such a night the originals of Troopers Kernahan, Stephen, and Carteret, besides Mr. Garratt and myself and some dozen others, have a jolly good time.

We are none of us vain, and we know that when the young lady in the muslin frock sings her song to us and not to the rest of the audience she is thinking more of the uniform than of the man inside it; but, all the same, it is pleasant to be the subject of such a compliment.

Call it vanity if you like, but the experience is grateful and comforting, and I should recommend my correspondent and any other Provincial Territorial who may be timid of wearing his uniform to give it an airing in company with others on such occasions as I have described.

MUFTI.

Talking of uniforms, by the way, reminds me of the effort I have made to brighten up the everyday costume of the modern man. As I suggested last week, the Territorial seldom ceases to be conscious of the fact that his civilian clothes are very much less smart than his uniform, and with the object of giving him something a bit more trim, with just the suggestion of the military about it, I invited Captain Saunders to co-operate with me in designing what I have called "THE MODERN MAN Territorial Mufti Suit."

It is immaterial to me from the business point of view whether the idea catches on or not, but I am vain enough to think that the wheeze is a good one, and that its adoption by members of the Territorial Force will tend to smarten the general cut of men's clothes.

I take some little pride in the fact that I have been able to get Messrs. Ellis to knock 10s. off their price.

I should have liked if I could have produced the suit for even less than £2, but I find that that is quite impossible. Even as it is, each suit is being produced at a considerable loss, as the material and workmanship are, by my special instructions, of the highest quality.

I am not bearing the loss; that is being borne by the tailors concerned. They trust to recoup themselves by the publicity attaching to this novelty, and also by further orders from our readers. I certainly hope that they will do so, but this is a matter that concerns them. My chief desire is that the suit will become popular, for I am rather proud about it.

ON MY OFFICE WALLS.

You will remember, of course, that I asked some time ago for readers' photographs, and I am happy to say that very many have been kind enough to send me some. I have them framed in batches as they arrive, and my walls are now almost covered with photographs sent by various unknown friends.

I like very much to have always before me these reminders of the type of men for whom I am catering.

SOME OF MY PALS.

Directly above my desk is one frame containing four photographs. At one end is a Driver of the Leicestershire Royal Horse Artillery; at the other, a Trooper in the Hertfordshire Yeomanry; between them, two photographs of camp life showing the Yorkshire Dragoons and Nottinghamshire Yeomanry.

A little to the side, above the mantelpiece, is another frame, in the centre of which is the portrait of a Leicester reader. He is shown down to the waist, and naked, and I envy his development. Beside him stands a member of the Lanarkshire Yeomanry in mufti, with his hands thrust in the pockets of his riding breeches. There are other photographs in that frame, but those are the two that show up best.

At the other side of the mantelpiece there is another frame in which I have what is perhaps the gem of the collection—at least, it is the one generally selected for comment by visitors.

It is the photograph of a Corporal in the Yorkshire Dragoons, a magnificent, upstanding chap. Beside him is a photograph of one of the Dorsetshire Yeomanry, six of them astride one unfortunate charger, and five sitting underneath.

Further round the same wall is the photograph of part of "B" Squadron of the King's Own, and next to it is a photograph of the original of Trooper Kernahan.

And so you may go round the walls of my office finding portraits of readers in all stations of life, but every one of them you would very much like to know, for they are all of the best.

There are, of course, other things on my office walls besides portraits of readers. Above the mantelpiece is the original of our famous poster, by Stanley L. Wood, and not very far from it hangs what appears to be a fragment of a dog biscuit. It is in reality that part of an ancient biscuit which my chief assistant failed to masticate while on trek during his last camp.

There are many other curiosities and mementoes of this sort, and at a slack moment I find it pleasant to run my eye over them.

BORROWED STRENGTH.

My daily post-bag is now a really heavy one, but I am still asking you to write to me. This is not an idle request. I really want to hear from you.

I don't know whether you have experienced it, but one seems to borrow strength from a hearty friendly letter. I know that the perusal of my readers' messages in the morning bucks me up for the rest of the day.

Possibly the letter I send you in return may have a similar effect, for I write these letters with real pleasure.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

THE POPULAR MAN.

II. THE MAN WHO FILLS A GAP.

He is the handy man of sport, and deserves his popularity for two or three different reasons; and is the happiest of sportsmen, for all is fish that comes to his net.

Inwardly he is a big, hearty sort of chap, who has been accustomed to sport of all kinds from his youth up.

Not infrequently he is an easy-going, happy-go-lucky mortal, liking to dabble in all kinds of pastimes rather than to devote himself to the strict training and routine necessary for securing excellence in one.

There is scarcely a game of strength or skill, or any British sport, of which he has not picked up a tolerably good knowledge of a practical kind.

It cannot be said that he has made any branch of sport his own, in the sense that he devotes to it above all others; but his love of activity, and his appetite for variety and exercises, stamps him as a man who, if he wished, would soon make the experts in their several spheres look to their laurels. But he prefers his roving commission, as one who is ready for anything, and to whom opportunity is the breath of his sporting existence.

Time and again the cricket, or football, or athletic team has to thank him for his services by filling a gap left by that terror to all clubs and captains—the man who fails to put in an appearance at the last moment. Then, indeed, the all-round man who is willing to step into the vacant place comes as a very gift from the gods. Open arms await him, and a team that might have gone crippled to a field of defeat meets its opponents on equal terms and makes a better game.

The chief secret of this man's success is his permanent fitness. He appears to have none of the disabling ills that even sporting flesh is heir to at times, but is ever ready to answer an urgent call for his services by a quick and hearty response.

The very nature of his position requires that he shall be a man to whom selfishness in sport is unknown. He has to play the game of those who have called upon him rather than his own, and he loyally strives to adapt himself without criticism to the methods and outlook of the majority. But to him the game's the thing, and, even if the conditions are not perfect, he finds satisfaction in making the best of them, and possibly succeeds in doing them.

He has temptation thrown in his way, for the fact that he has to some extent helped his friends out of a hole might, in the mind of a less generous man, lead him to think he had rights of criticism. These he smothers, if he should feel inclined to exercise them.

From whatever quarter the appeal comes, he accepts and takes his chance, chiefly content that he will be at sport of some kind. It is seldom that any club, even nominally, claims him as a member. He is the free-lance of sport, sure that he may calculate upon being asked to play for somebody at something.

He never seems to mind what inconvenience he is put to in consenting to fill a gap, for sport in all its phases is the very heart's blood of him.

That such men are only too rare is well known to all who have the organisation of sports and games in their charge. Such men may often be heard to remark, with a sort of sigh of thankfulness, that we came off well. So-and-so failed us at the last moment, but X. filled the gap, and we got on splendidly. Good chap, X.! He doesn't mind how short notice you give him—he's always ready to turn out; he's like a fireman. And he plays quite a good game."

This is the finest tribute to a man's sportsmanlike qualities, and it is said as often about the man who fills a gap as about any other human being.

G. C. HAMILTON.

The young master was returning late from a Rifle Club meeting, when he met the housemaid on the doorstep, coming back from her day off.

"Jane," he said sternly; "it's very late to be coming home."

"Yes," said Jane; "what would the missus say if she found us out?"

* * *

"I'd like to attend my mother-in-law's funeral, to-morrow, sir," said the clerk.

"You have my sympathy," said his boss. "I've been wanting to do the same thing for ten years."

* * *

"What's the matter, my little man?"

"Boo-hoo! Pa sat on a tack and couldn't get it out for five minutes, and I wasn't there to see him. Boo-hoo!"

* * *

"Is your husband up?"

"He is."

"I should like to say a few words to him."

"So should I, but he hasn't come home yet."

* * *

HE: "When my horse threw me I'd have been badly hurt if I hadn't alighted on something soft."

SHE: "Really? I always thought it was dangerous to land head first."

* * *

It's strange how a woman won't believe anything her husband says till he proves it, and how she takes every word in an advertisement as gospel truth.

* * *

"Do you ride on horseback?"

"On and off."

* * *

FIRST MOTORIST: "It'll be a lot more fun motoring when the frost comes."

SECOND VILLAIN: "Why?"

FIRST MOTORIST: "Because it'll be slippery, and the people won't be able to get out of the way so quickly."

* * *

FATHER: "If you only knew how much happiness there is in work you'd start at once."

SON: "I am striving to lead a life of self-denial, in which happiness plays no part. Do not tempt me."

* * *

"What's this mess, waiter?"

"It's bean soup, sir."

"Don't care what it has been. What is it now?"

* * *

MRS. TUNKS: "Don't forget to post that letter; it's to my milliner countermanding an order for a new hat."

TUNKS: "Maria, take the clothes line and tie both my hands behind my back, so that I won't forget it."

* * *

The first object of the lawyer is to see that Justice is done. It's the lawyer who does her oftenest who gets the biggest fees.

* * *

"He's never lost his head during a football match, has he?"

"No. He's lost eight teeth, an ear, and a bit of his nose, but I never heard of his losing his head."

MOTORIST AND CYCLIST.

SOME OF THE TRIALS OF ROAD-USERS.

It seems to be generally admitted that the ubiquitous motor-car constitutes the greatest bugbear to modern cycling. Be this as it may, we are faced with the undeniable fact that the mechanically propelled carriage is on our roads for all time, and there is undoubtedly room for both it and the cycle.

It remains for the motorist and cyclist to combine in making the highway safe and tolerable for mutual use.

The driver of a motor-car can, if he chooses, make things very uncomfortable for the cyclist, and all too often he does so.

A common failing of our petrol friends is to rush past a bicyclist at the proverbial hair's breadth, generally when he has the whole width of the road to overtake him in.

Very often, also, he insists upon the cyclist making way for him when he is aware that the only rideable strip of road is that between his wheels. No rider of a bicycle is obliged to cross on to an obviously unsafe road surface to allow a motorist to pass, but he must never wilfully obstruct him.

The car-driver has many other failings, apparent to all road-users, but the faults are not exclusively his.

During my occasional jaunts in the driving seat of a motor-car I have been victimised by some supreme exhibitions of cycling folly.

There is a man who considers it clever to execute a succession of violent wobbles a few yards ahead of the car; the fond, but foolish, parent whose infant offspring occupies a seat on the handle-bar, top-tube, or rear carrier, and who proudly exhibits the fact in close proximity to your wheels, the ultra-reckless youth, and the ever-present hanger-on.

Concerning the latter, cyclists in general, I think, do not realise what pangs the considerate motorist suffers when driving a closed or hooded car and harbouring a suspicion that he is trailing a string of speed merchants.

This hanging on craze is an evil upon which I might exhort my brother wheelmen to the extent of many columns, but, as its dangers must be obvious to every thinking cyclist, a calm word of warning will suffice. Never hang on to a car without the knowledge and permission of the driver, and even then the practice has many stumbling-blocks over which the cyclist may come a very nasty cropper.

It is at street corners that motorist and cyclist most frequently come into contact—only too literally. As often as not the trouble could be avoided by a little thought on both sides.

The motorist is bound to take his corners fairly wide, for he cannot be expected to slow down to a snail's pace every time. But a good warning from his horn is therefore all the more necessary.

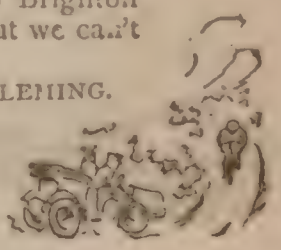
The cyclist, on the other hand, having only two wheels, can slow down sufficiently to take the corner quite close to the curb, and, knowing that the motorist is likely to be in the middle of the road, he should take care to do so.

Moreover, a moment's thought will show him that the chances are against the motorist's hearing his bell, ring he never so loudly, owing to the noise of the engine. It is obviously his duty, therefore, to efface himself as much as possible.

The one essential to preserve the safety and pleasure of the road to cyclist and motorist both is for them each to have a due sense of responsibility as a road-user and due consideration for each other's comfort and convenience. As brother sportsmen, a kindly feeling of *esprit de corps* should unify the two.

To condemn motorists as a body is to waste one's breath. They have their faults, but so have cyclists. It would be well if every motor-driver were compelled to cycle from London to Brighton amid the dust of the cars, just once, but we can't compel him.

REX FLEMING.



Rapid Physical Development

Conducted by F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

POSING FOR THE CAMERA.

Before facing the camera it would be as well to study a few really original postures. The average physical culturist is too often a man of little originality, judging from the photos published in athletic journals.

The favourite position seems to be standing with the arms folded and a strained, self-conscious smirk. Another, which runs this very close, is what is described as the "Greek God Style"—one hand clenched and placed on the forehead as if the individual was feeling his brains!

Now, it is quite possible to show off one's muscular development without resorting to any hackneyed pose—the thing is, of course, to bring out those points in which one excels and to hide as much as possible any particular defect.

The man with large biceps and well-developed torso should strive to show them off to the best advantage and adopt a pose which will do this.

If his legs are his weak point there is no need to advertise the fact.

We cannot all be Sandows, it is true, but regular exercises will do wonders, and a little time devoted more especially to developing those parts in which we are deficient will amply repay the trouble.

Above all, when posing for the camera *be natural*—avoid any appearance of strain. Concentrate your mind on your muscles when exercising, *not* when posing. You don't want a photo of yourself to look like that of a "strong man" seeking a vacancy on the halls.

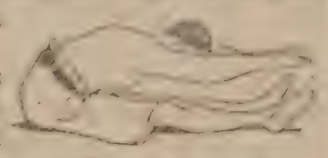
Sandow is said to spend hours before a mirror studying a new pose—don't do that. Find out, before a mirror if you like, a posture which suits you best, then stick to it, and the result should be a capital photo of "Myself in my athletic days, you know."

FOR THE ABDOMINAL MUSCLES.

Lie at full length on the floor, stretching the arms out as far as possible beyond the head, with the thumbs interlocked and palms upward.

The legs should be kept perfectly straight and flat on the floor throughout the exercise with the heels together and the feet opened out.

Now rise from the hip joints until the body is at an angle of 45 degrees with the floor or a little beyond it, so that the strain is not too great.



For reducing and strengthening the abdomen.

Pause a second in this position, and then begin slowly to bend forward until you reach the position shown in the sketch. The arms will still be extended and the head forced down between them.

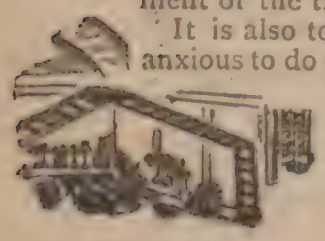
The stomach must be forced down upon the thighs, just as in rowing—for which sport, by the way, this exercise is a capital training, though it is better to sit upon a footstool or large dictionary instead of keeping the legs flat.

Having swung as far forward as you can go, pause for a second and bring the body slowly back to the starting position slightly behind the perpendicular.

The movement backwards and forwards should be practised about half a dozen times.

The exercise is an excellent one for the muscles of the abdomen and aids greatly in the development of the thighs.

It is also to be recommended to those who are anxious to do what they can to reduce the abdomen.



THE VALUE OF DEEP BREATHING.

The importance of deep breathing can hardly be over-estimated.

Many authorities advocate filling and emptying the lungs before an open window for a number of times on rising, and at all times it is necessary to breath through the nose deeply and often.

Running in the open air is strongly advised by that king of athletes Hackenschmidt. "Whenever you come to a hill, run up it," he says.

This method of deep breathing has everything to recommend it, and is essentially practical.

Running up and downstairs will do as a substitute in bad weather, and is frequently adopted by boxers, whose "wind" is an invaluable asset.

The following is a useful exercise: Stand erect, reach upward, keeping knees and arms straight and feet apart, head well up; inhale slowly through the nose until the lungs are filled to their utmost capacity, draw in abdominal walls and exhale, then bend down and try to touch the floor with your fingers.

FOR THE MUSCLES OF THE SIDE.

This exercise is in reality a form of massage, and will be of great benefit in the development of a set of muscles usually neglected by the physical culturist.

The position to be taken at the commencement is indicated by the sketch. The left hand is placed on the head and the body leant to the right as far as possible without any undue strain being felt.

The right hand is then brought across the body until the hand is curved round the left side.

It is hardly necessary to add that the upper part of the body must be stripped bare for this exercise, and the use of an embrocation or oil is to be recommended

A useful form of massage that you can practise on yourself.

The right hand will be used to massage the external muscles of the left side, being rubbed up and down vigorously from just below the armpit at the back to the front of the hip bone.

The rubbing should be continued for two or three minutes and the position should then be reversed, the right hand being placed on the head and the left hand employed to massage the muscles of the right side.

WRESTLING FOR BEGINNERS.

Wrestling is *the* sport to give an all-round muscular development. It exercises legs and arms, strengthens back and neck, and brings into play muscles which otherwise are rarely or never used. It teaches, likewise, agility, quickness of thought and action, and perseverance.

It is quite as valuable as boxing in inculcating the art of self-control. The moment a man loses his temper in wrestling he is practically down and out. You cannot exercise judgment or reason calmly when the temper is uppermost.

The style of wrestling is purely a matter of choice. Græco-Roman is, so says a past-master in the art, "the prettiest and most interesting," the Lancashire, or "catch-as-catch-can," the most popular.

Cumberland and Westmorland has many adherents, and has the advantage of being an essentially outdoor style.

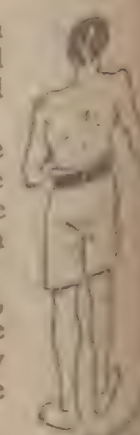
Ju-Jitsu, strictly speaking, is not wrestling at all—simply a method of self-defence. Whatever style the beginner goes in for, he will be advised to join some club or gym. for practising purposes, and have the benefit of skilled instructors.

Don't in any case make the mistake of trying to learn "at home" like a young fellow I heard of who started wrestling without a mat and in a small room whose corners were not cut off. He gave it up in disgust, and no wonder!

There are several good handbooks on wrestling. Get an illustrated one, and study the various moves and counters. Also, and this is still more important, whenever you have the opportunity witness a wrestling match between well-known exponents of the grappling game.

FOR ARMS, CHEST, AND SHOULDERS.

Stand erect, with the arms dropped at the sides and the feet slightly parted.



Clench the fists, tense the arm muscles, and twist the arms until the back of the hands are turned to the rear.

Now bend both arms at the elbow until the clenched fists are placed upon the breasts, the elbows being kept well away from the sides.

The muscles being still tensed, the arms must now alternately be straightened smartly until they assume the position shown in the sketch.

After a short pause in this position the arm must be bent again, and the hand replaced on the chest. At the same time the other will be straightened, and so on.

The exercise should be practised at least ... times each morning, until another one is selected. It is invaluable for throwing out the chest, opening the lungs, and especially for the development of the triceps muscle.

As with all other exercises, this will not be the slightest use unless the mind is concentrated on the work in hand, and unless the tensing of muscles is the result of genuine effort.

Merely to stand up and wave the arms about can do no one any good, and it is for this reason only that dumbbells are useful in such exercises as this. The man with will-power, however, does not need such external aids.

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(2) The gauntlet cuffs come to a slight point, after the military style.

(3) There are on either breast expanding pockets, again in the tunic style. These, however, may be dispensed with if not desired by the reader.

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(5) The suit is made in navy blue serge or in tweed, to suit the reader's taste.

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LITTLE MEN : BIG HEARTS.

THE PROBLEM OF MIND AND MUSCLE.

Do you know him, the little man with the heart, that seems all too big for the bonds of his body, for as a rule Nature has been kind to him in the matter of physique?

But what he lacks in inches and sinew he more than makes up for in mind and determination. glories in overcoming his physical limitations he will cheerfully "take fences" where the stronger man would be casting around for a gate.

The ever-lamented "Shifter" of the "Pink 'Un" was a fine example of the little man with a heart.

He was a frail, even puny, little man, but that not deter him from going out with a lifeboat on stormy night. Unfortunately the elements were so adverse that it was morning ere the boat could return, and the long exposure killed one of the wittiest, as he was one of the pluckiest, men of his time.

The little man with the big heart shows it in his eyes, which are as a rule large and luminous, characteristic eyes of a delicate person.

Of course, little men are not always feeble or from it; more often they are exceedingly tough and wiry, but I am thinking of the little man who, despite physical weakness, sometimes actual physical deformity, holds his own, and even excels, in strenuous sports and games.

Naturally he has his limitations; he cannot be expected to win fame as a wrestler, a weight-lifter, a Channel swimmer, or in other branches of athletics that obviously call for not only pluck and stamina, but great strength, though by the same token some delicate men have made themselves strong, as, for example, Mr. S. F. Edge, the one-time champion cyclist, and Mr. Wilson Henry, formerly amateur swimming champion of England, both of whom were exceptionally delicate as lads.

Nevertheless, you find the little man with the big heart cutting down his field in hunting, winning fame as explorer or big game shot. Mr. F. C. Selous, who is slightly built, is an excellent example. Rising to the top of the naval and military tree, Sir John Fisher and Lord Roberts are names that will at once occur to the reader. In all sorts of sports and games you will find the physically little but mentally and morally big-hearted man "keeping his end up," and more than that.

But it is when there is actual bodily defect or affliction to be overcome that the triumph of mind over matter is most apparent.

Using the term "little" in a metaphorical sense, I remember a schoolmate who was club-footed. None the less, he contrived to play Rugby football, and, what is more, he was an uncommonly artful half-back.

Then there have been many instances of one-armed or one-legged men playing games, and playing them well. One of the best walkers and tennis-players I ever knew was a man who came into the world with twisted legs.

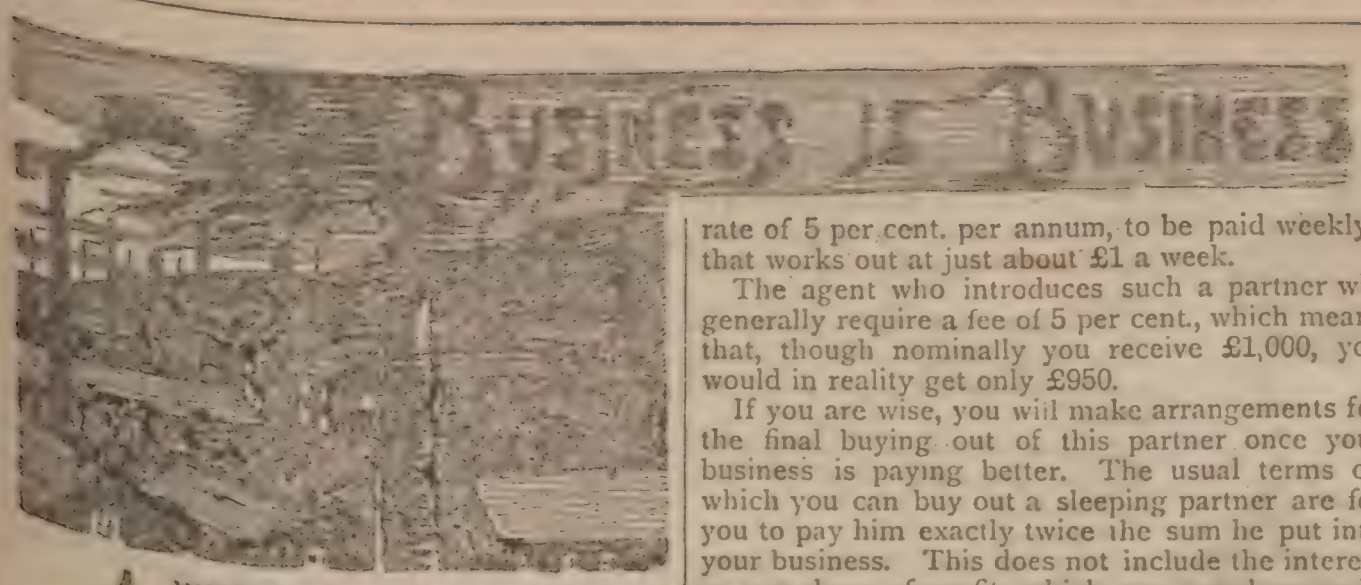
Even blind men have not been debarred from enjoying the pleasures of sport by their affliction, for the late Dr. James Gale, who was stone-blind from an early age, once rode and won a race on horseback.

Quite a number of men have shone at cricket and even football, although so short-sighted as to have to wear spectacles.

Many other instances might be given of men who, though sorely handicapped by Nature, have distinguished themselves as sportsmen or athletes, but space fails.

While little men are sometimes inclined to be bumptious, "cocky," and quarrelsome, there is no more lovable chap on earth than the little man with the big heart, which fills almost to bursting his puny frame and radiates the virile spirit of a sportsman and a man.

R. S. HARRISON.



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

PARTNERS.

Just as in private life the thing that troubles the majority is lack of money, so it frequently happens that the only thing that prevents the business man from riding triumphantly to fortune is the lack of capital.

The means by which he may secure this capital are several.

If his business has been showing good profits and is conducted on a large scale, he may float it into a limited liability company.

This course, however, is scarcely open to the average man in the world of commerce, for his enterprise, although it may be of sufficient magnitude to support himself in comfort, may not be sufficiently large to act as a bait to the investing public.

Therefore he casts about for some other method of securing capital, and the one on which his choice eventually falls is generally that of taking a partner into the business.

Partners are of two kinds, active and sleeping.

If you decide to have an active partner, make certain that he is a man of a temperament similar to your own, for you are going to work together, and, if not, your partnership is harmonious in every way, his presence will trammel your efforts, besides making your working life a burden.

The terms on which an active partner may be introduced into a business depend largely upon the amount of money which he invests.

Sometimes an arrangement is made under which the new partner has a definite and fixed salary for performing certain work and also has a share in the profits; in other cases his remuneration, both for his labour and for his investment, depends wholly upon the profits.

In either case his position in the business should be carefully defined at the outset, for only in this way is it possible to prevent wrangling.

A junior partner has, of course, the right to express his opinion, but he should understand clearly that the eventual decision rests in the hands of the senior.

I know of one firm which consists of three men who are equal partners in every respect, and when any point of controversy arises, the matter is settled according to the way in which two of them vote. But in a partnership of only two a deadlock by vote is, of course, impossible, and, as I have said, the powers of the junior partner should be exactly defined.

I have already referred to the need for the partners working pleasantly together. There are, however, some men to whom an active partnership is impossible, for, accustomed to have their own way in their business, they would be restrained by having even the criticism of a partner. To such men, if they be in need of capital, the introduction of a sleeping partner may be worth consideration.

The usual terms upon which you procure a sleeping partner are these. Supposing that he is putting into your business £1,000, you would sign an agreement allotting to him a quarter share of your profits and also interest on his money at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, to be paid weekly; that works out at just about £1 a week.

The agent who introduces such a partner will generally require a fee of 5 per cent., which means that, though nominally you receive £1,000, you would in reality get only £950.

If you are wise, you will make arrangements for the final buying out of this partner once your business is paying better. The usual terms on which you can buy out a sleeping partner are for you to pay him exactly twice the sum he put into your business. This does not include the interest or any share of profits which you may have paid him in the meantime, for he collars these as he goes along. If you contemplate buying him out, you should certainly have this clause inserted in the agreement.

How are you to obtain a sleeping partner or an active one?

It is best to advertise in the financial columns the London daily newspapers, unless you know of some chartered accountant who specialises in your own line of business. He usually has a number of clients who are prepared to consider an investment on these lines, provided there is reasonable prospect of success.

I have given these particulars of the partnership question simply as being matters of interest in the life commercial. I would not have it thought that I am by any means an advocate of partnerships.

I have known several instances of men who were doing fairly well in their business, introducing a partner, either to carry them over a time of trouble, or else to enable them to go in for advertising, or for some other expenditure that would increase their turnover more rapidly, and, after the introduction of the partner, they have seemed to slack off and lose interest in the business.

Personally I could not tolerate a partner, either active or sleeping, but I admit that there are many men who can work very well in double harness, and whose business may even be improved by the introduction of fresh blood in the management of their enterprise.

For instance, a man may be very good at the inception of new ideas, but may be no hand at book-keeping or figures; to such a man a partner with a thorough grasp of business detail would be a very valuable acquisition.

But everything depends on the temperament of the man who contemplates taking a partner in with him, and unless he feels sure both of himself and of his new-found friend, he will be wise to think more than twice before he takes this step.

The thought will always obtrude itself that at the eleventh hour, after he has overcome the initial difficulties of establishing his busisess, he has taken in another to share his profits with him, and that thought is not a very pleasing one.

ENTERPRISE.

When a man is unfortunate in business his friends generally accuse him of being lacking in enterprise. Often he is this, but, on the other hand, his ill-success is as frequently due to nothing more than the sheer malevolence of fortune.

Fortune cannot be blamed for all failures, however. The other day I had an interesting example of the way in which men lose chances through lack of enterprise.

I wanted a new man to fill a certain post, and I advertised for one. The salary I offered was good, and the applications were many.

From amongst them I selected half a dozen that I considered to be the best, and entered into correspondence with these applicants. Eventually I decided upon one as being the most likely to meet my requirements.

He lived in Nottingham, and I asked him to send me his photograph. I did not feel disposed to pay his fare down to London for him to have an interview with me, neither did I feel that I should be justified in asking him to go to the expense of such a journey on the chance of his meeting with my approval; but I considered that a photograph would probably show me what I wanted to know, whether he was really a decent sort of man, for it is possible for letters to deceive, although it is difficult for a photograph to do so.

His reply was this: "I am very sorry to say that I have no recent photograph at hand."

This showed a terrible lack of enterprise. The right thing for him to do under such circumstances was obviously to go to a photographer and get taken at once. Even if he had gone to one of those cheap "Take-you-while-you-wait" places, I should have been quite satisfied, for all I wanted was to have some idea of his features and expression.

I was unpleasantly conscious of this lack of enterprise on his part, but nevertheless I wrote to him again and gave him the job, for, so far as I could judge from his letters, he was undoubtedly the best of the applicants.

When at length he came to London, and we had a personal interview, I found him to be a very decent sort of man. Certainly there was no reason for his objecting to have his photograph taken, for he was quite passable in the matter of good looks.

I duly took him on, but it had been a toss-up whether he got that job or not, and my one reason for refusing him, if I had done so, would have been his lack of enterprise in not getting a photograph rushed through when asked for it.

I do not know that I ought to put my next statement under the same heading as the above, for though the persons concerned are the same the point is different.

It is that I made an error of judgment.

I ought to have acted upon the fact that I saw he lacked initiative, but I did not. I took him on, hoping that this evidence of the non-existence of enterprise was only due to thoughtlessness, but I found after he had been with me less than a month that I was wrong in having engaged him.

He was competent in a hack sort of way, painstaking, and willing to please, but he was hopelessly devoid of self-reliance.

The work I entrusted to him was of a character which demanded initiative, and he had not got it to give.

The upshot, of course, was what you might expect. We parted company. If I had only had enough confidence in my own powers of deduction in the first instance I should never have taken him on, and he would have been saved some disappointment, and I should certainly have been saved much annoyance.

We were both wrong—he ought to have had his photograph taken, and I ought to have refused to engage him when he did not do so.

Possibly you may learn a lesson from my error, certainly I have learned one. It is that one should rely on one's judgment, and act upon it. Sometimes you will be wrong, but generally you will be right.

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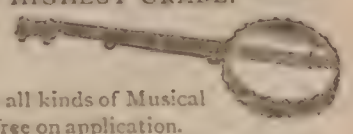

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Richard Selby: Englishman

By ADAM STERN.

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

XXVIII.

A FIGHT FOR A BROTHER.

The young and well-set fellow, wearing a loose Norfolk jacket, breeches and leggings, his healthily-tanned face indicative of outdoor life, climbed the stairs leading to the offices of Richard Selby, Chain Manufacturer, Moulden, at a rate more in keeping with decrepit age than athletic manhood.

Indeed, once he stopped altogether and half turned, as if at the last moment he had determined to go away again.

Then he muttered something very like a self-curse and went on. He passed through a door marked "Inquiries," and immediately an alert-looking boy left his desk and came forward to the counter.

"Mr. Selby in?" asked the caller.

"Yes, sir." The boy pushed towards him a pad and pencil. "Please write your name and business here, sir."

"What for?"

"One of the rules, sir."

"Rules be hanged! I'm his brother. If he's in and isn't engaged I'll go through to him. I know the way to his office."

"He isn't engaged, sir."

"That's all right, then."

Richard was alone in his office, and the change of expression on his face when the door opened and revealed his brother was wonderful.

"*Jimmy!* by the lord!" he exclaimed, staring, and then jumping to his feet. "Gad, Jimmy, this is something like a surprise! Where on earth have you sprung from?"

The cloud on the young fellow's countenance cleared with this warm welcome, and he returned the grip of the pumping hand with interest.

"Things were a bit slack at the farm," he returned, "so I thought I'd just run down for the day and see you."

"Splendid!"

It was not often that Richard permitted himself such demonstrativeness as this, but the unexpected sight of his only and younger brother clean carried him away. He had not been home for a considerable length of time, and the only one of the family who kept up a regular correspondence was his mother.

"And how's the mater?" he went on. "Still keeping strong and well?"

"First rate."

"And the old chap?"

"Just as usual."

"Wearing out the doorstep of the village inn, I guess," laughed Richard, who knew his father's habits to be more slothful than vicious. Not waiting for a reply, he continued: "Everything going smoothly at the farm? Making a lot of money?"

"Not as much as you here," responded his brother, gazing around. "You certainly believe in doing things well. That cabinet's new since I was last here, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's our wine-cellar." Richard went over and opened it. "There you are! Make your choice! Of course, it's only provided for the entertainment of callers," he added, with gravity,

"Of course," his brother agreed. "Well, I'll try a Scotch-and-soda. Make it nippy! And one of these Henry Clay's will prove comforting. You're a lucky devil, Dick, and no mistake!"

"I am—that's a cert.,' said Richard contentedly. "Say when! Soda?"

He stood over the syphon, the soda-water hissed into first one glass, then the other, and Richard turned.

"Here you are!" They clinked glasses, standing face to face. "Good luck!"

"Cheero!"

They were little alike, except in build. In contrast with Richard's dark hair, steady eyes and mouth, and strong chin, Jim Selby was fair and immature in expression. The striking dissimilarity was the composure of the one face and the irresoluteness of the other.

Richard drank with his eyes on his brother, who did not lower his glass until it was drained.

There was a hint of avidity in the way Jim's lips shaped for the liquid, and Richard's attention was arrested by it.

"Hello, youngster," he said; "it strikes me you're pretty used to this."

"Eh?" said Jim with a start. "What makes you think that?"

"Oh, nothing. Light up," said Richard, biting the end from his cigar. "After you with the match."

His brother held the match as requested, and again Richard looked curiously at him.

"What's this mean?" he said playfully, and he put out his hand and held the other's wrist. "What makes you shaky? That's not exactly the right thing, Jimmy?"

Jim dragged his hand free.

"Rot!" he said, with sudden heat.

Richard laughed.

"All right," he said. "I'm asking no questions."

"My hand's as steady as yours," retorted his brother, flushing.

"All right, sonny," said Richard again, remembering the lad's quick temper in early days. "Sit you down and let's hear all the news."

But his brother seemed determined to take offence at the incident—or it might have been that he was one of the sort who require to become enraged before they feel courageous.

"There's no necessity for you to start preaching at me about what's the right or the wrong thing," he said, working himself up. "It's all very well for you down here, one of the biggest men in the place, and having every damned luxury you want. You should try the rotten, dull life of the country for a bit. You wouldn't be so damned——"

"Steady, old man," interrupted Richard, with a smile. "You're running away with yourself. I'd no intention of preaching to you, you know that.

"What time did you get here?" he added, turning the subject.

"Soon after twelve," returned Jim, surlily.

Richard's eyes travelled to the clock, which now told three o'clock.

"Oh, you needn't wonder what I've been doing since," flashed Jim. "I called in at the 'George' to have some grub and to look up one or two old pals."

"I wasn't wondering," said Richard, quietly.

Their eyes met and clung for a moment.

Then the younger man's wandered.

"If you'd come along to the 'Hare and Hounds' you'd have found me there," Richard went on casually, though a change had taken place in his mind. He had seen fear in his brother's eyes. "That's where Graill and I generally go nowadays. You'd have seen old Mark, too. He'd have been jolly glad to shake your hand again."

"Graill!" echoed his brother. "It's all Graill when you write home. He gets far more out of you than *I* do. I don't see why you shouldn't have given me the secretary's job. I'm as competent as he is. He can benefit by your pro and grow fat on it—all Moulden does— precious little I get out of it. I can be in of trouble for the sake of a paltry quid or t it doesn't matter a cuss to you."

"Don't be an ass!" said Richard. the only difficulty, it's soon set right."

"Well, it isn't the only difficulty," was t retort from Jim. "It's far worse than that

He seemed about to blurt out what it w again he gave Richard a quick glance of f curbed himself.

"I should think I'm one of the un devils unhung," he concluded, and forward to help himself to some more spiri

Quietly Richard prevented him, and mo bottle.

"Never mind that just now, Jimmy," "Let's hear what's worrying you."

"A lot you'll care," retorted his brother.

"Yes, I shall care right enough," said still patiently. "Out with it!"

He did not expect anything very bad, he knew his brotner's character, but in th which ensued he held his breath slightly, blood-bondship between this youngster and was strong.

"There's trouble with a girl," said Jim and he gave a little, empty laugh.

It was the laugh that brought Richard in his chair.

"You're trouble or hers?" he demanded "Quick! I want to know."

The attempted boldness in the othe visibly quailed.

"Hers, I suppose," he muttered, "[illegible] only labourers in the village. I never thou

He went on with his tale, stumbling excusing always.

There was nothing unusual in it. It the commonplace mixture of the sordid romantic that characterises the great ma such happenings.

But Richard listened with a face of [illegible]

"Does the Mater know?" he as finish.

What it would mean for her was his He had no sentimental sympathy for the who was evidently suffering more from of ill-treatment than shame.

"Yes," muttered Jim, and he kept away. "She said I ought to marry he rot!"

"How long has she known?"

"A day or two."

Richard's stern manner brooked no eva

"Why wasn't I told!"

"She said she wouldn't have you k anything."

"S-s-s!" Richard's breath hissed in that of a man plunged suddenly into co

"I suppose everybody knows down there

"Yes; but I don't see that that matte Country people are so used. . . . A will only take a few quid to square and——"

"Look here, youngster!" All at once thumped his fist on his knee. "The more the rottener you show yourself. What t come to you lately? I thought you were different stuff from this."

"Oh, for goodness' sake, don't pile it o his brother. "I'm miserable enough What's the good of blaming me *now*? going to lend me fifty quid or not? Tha want from you. And once the matter's s take damn good care to shake the du blamed village from my feet. I've had e it, I can tell you."

Richard's face did not relent an atom.

"You'll get nothing from me," he said.

"What!" exclaimed Jim blankly. lend me the money?"

"For the purpose you say, not a soli I help no man to funk trouble."

"But what the devil shall I do?" beginning to cave in.

"That's your affair, not mine."

"But what's the good of blaming

complained Jim. "If you'll only lend me twenty

"I shall lend you nothing," cut in Richard.

"You won't?" said his brother, blankly.

"For the purpose you want it?" said Richard, ing to his feet and striding across the room. ot a stiver!"

"What are you going to do?"

turned and watched him with some alarm.

"I'm coming back with you," replied Richard.

"What the devil for? Here, if you think I'm to stand you interfering, you're mistaken."

He got no reply.

"I say, Dick," he said, more humbly, "don't me it on. I feel miserable enough as it is. If you come down, it'll mean all sorts of ructions. o...!"

He jumped up and went over to him.

"Listen," he begged, clutching Richard's arm. "The fact is, I'm not going back myself. I've had enough of the blamed place. I only want this money to give me a fresh start. They'll make it pretty uncomfortable for the mater, I expect, but that can't be helped."

"I will go back," said Richard, getting to his feet and striding across the room. "If you've made the name Selby stink in the place, you'll pretty well—and you alone."

"What d'you mean?" Jim jumped up and followed him. "What are you going to do?"

"Look up a train and come with you, because I don't think you've got the pluck to go alone," said Richard, taking a time-table from a hook on the wall.

Jim stood irresolute.

"I don't go," he said, his mouth becoming stubborn. "I'm not going to be treated like a kid by you, or anyone else."

"I'll see this through," said Richard with concentrated quiet, not even looking up from the time-table. "You'll find your own remedy, and you'll get it. You're a fool if you think to escape a row by running away. It only means a double one later on. And you're a bigger fool to think anyone can pay for you. Put your cap on! There's a train right away."

"I won't."

Richard stepped closer to him, but Jim did not move. If Richard's intention had been to sting him to spirited revolt he had succeeded. Jim returned glare for glare.

"Yes, you will," asserted Richard, and searing contempt crept into his tone. "You came whining to me to help you because all your pluck had turned sick inside you, and you'll go back for the same reason. Why, you had to booze yourself with goodness knows how many at the 'George' even then before you got me. I can read it in your face, Jimmy. You've got no more control over that than your shaking fist.

"By God, Jimmy," he added, flaming suddenly, and taking a vice-like clutch of his brother's arm, "if you don't play the man I'll lick you in every street in Mouliden!"

For a space they stood measuring strengths, Jim struggled violently to break from his hold.

"Take your hand off me!" he exclaimed savagely. "I'm as good a man as you are! If you think I'd ever let you do anything for me after this, you're mistaken. *Loose me*, you

His fist came up, and he dashed it heavily on Richard's jaw. Richard obeyed, and a smile lit his face.

In another moment he had hold of Jim again, by both shoulders this time, and was shaking him to and fro with vigorous affection, while Jim lowered, and averted his face to hide the hot tears.

"You silly young fool, you!" said Richard. "To think I should have to kick sense into a brother of mine!"

* * * *

They went home together after all. Richard was anxious to see how his mother had taken the news, and was reassured to find that, woman-like, she was resigned to what it was impossible to alter.

"He must marry her, that's all," she said privately to Richard. "She's quite a good, capable girl, and they can live here. I shall be rather glad to have somebody to help with the work.

"Of course," she added, with studied cheerfulness, and not without a twinkle in her eye, "I shouldn't say that if I didn't know he was fond of her. He's a bit easier to read than you, Richard, you know, and far easier to manage."

And in the same manner she hid her grief from all.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

A FLEET STREET BATTLE.

AN EPISODE OF LITERARY BOHEMIA.

[*It has a'ways puzzled me why the reader of weekly papers should take so much interest in the particular world in which they are produced, but that this interest is a widespread one is evident from my correspondence.*

As an interesting sidelight upon one aspect of journalism, I print the following article. I would point out, however, that the atmosphere here reproduced is rapidly becoming one of the things of the past.

Bohemianism and drinking are now by no means the rule even amongst those at the bottom of the journalistic ladder; the modern journalist is, for the most part, a hard-working, well-doing young man, and I believe that the change has been largely due to my old employers and present competitors, Lord Northcliffe and Mr. C. A. Pearson. These gentlemen have done little to encourage genius—in fact, their inclination has been to encourage the prig and the incompetent—but they have helped to purge journalism of its debauchery, even if they have robbed it of its romance, and for this we must thank them.—YOUR EDITOR.]

Fleet Street, the old-timer will tell you, is not what it was, at least in Bohemianism.

He complains disgustedly that the inhabitants wear silk hats and eke evening dress, possess banking accounts, and outrage all traditions of Bohemia by paying their bills, and, generally speaking, lead ultra-respectable lives.

This may be so, but I knew Fleet Street in its less reputable days, and this is the tale of a little experience which perhaps deserves the description of singular.

One late afternoon I was passing a well-known Fleet Street hostelry when I heard sounds of altercation proceeding from within.

As a row was then as the breath of life in my nostrils, I entered and found a certain publisher and a certain now-famous author the centre of an excited group, among whom I recognised various acquaintances.

The publisher and author had fallen out, about what I was never quite certain, but I think the original *casus belli* was a payment on account by the publisher to the author for an unfinished book which the latter had failed to complete.

Anyway, they had met in the saloon bar, mutually insulted each other, and now they were going to fight. But where? The landlord was very definitely of opinion that he was not going to have his house turned into a prize-ring, and the street meant police interference.

Among the company was an extraordinary Fleet Street character who described himself as Major ——, but who, I believe, had never held any higher rank than that of Sergeant-Major in a cavalry regiment.

Taking to journalism on leaving the Service, he had established a little sporting paper, which appeared at highly irregular intervals, and he offered his one room of an office for the combat.

The offer was accepted, and we all repaired to his office, where his assistant, an out-of-work dissenting preacher—goodness knows what he was doing in that gallery—first of all wanted to stop the fight on religious grounds.

He, however, was silenced, and then began the discussion of preliminaries. It seemed likely to last all night.

First of all, the publisher, who came from Lancashire, wanted biting, kicking, and scratching allowed, to which my principal, for I was seconding the author, very properly objected.

Then there was a prolonged wrangle over the length of the rounds. My man wanted Queensberry rules—that is, three-minute rounds with one-minute intervals; but the publisher insisted on half-minute rounds.

Eventually we compromised on one-minute rounds.

The next point was how the time was to be kept. The only person present who possessed a watch was the publisher, and he said he would be hanged before he would lend it to anyone in that crowd. At last, however, the combatants stood up; outwardly, the odds were all in favour of the publisher, who was a big, burly man, whereas his opponent was a small chap.

But, then, the latter had frequently told us that he had been champion light-weight of Oxford, and we looked forward to a contest between science and brute force.

Alas! for science. My man advanced, pawing the air as if he were trying to catch butterflies—he told me afterwards, in response to my indignant expostulations, that he was shaping to hit his opponent over the kidneys—but the publisher wasted no time. He charged like a bull of Bashan, rushed my man into a corner, and pummelled him unmercifully until the timekeeper, who was using an eight-day clock, called "Time!" Then both contestants were violently sick, and refused to resume until many drinks had been fetched from a neighbouring inn.

Once more they stood up, and again the same thing happened. My man postured like a dancing master, the other fell upon him, and by sheer weight drove him across the room until with a sudden crash the light-weight champion's head and arm went through the plate-glass office window.

How he did not cut his head off I never shall know, but in some marvellous fashion his face escaped with scarcely a scratch. Not so, however, his arm. Blood was spurting from it, and what had been a farce looked precious like becoming a tragedy.

None of us knew how to arrest the bleeding, but fortunately there was a doctor in some adjacent chambers. Still more fortunately, he was at home, and arrived just in time to save the author's life, for he had severed an artery, and was fast bleeding to death.

A. C. NEWTON.

BUYING VICIOUS HORSES.

If you are on the outlook for a cheap hack—and it does not cost more to keep one than many a man spends on beer and tobacco—you might do worse than purchase a mount which has the reputation of being vicious.

If a horse is addicted to vice—kicking, biting, bolting, jibbing, and all the rest of it—his value in the open market is very small, and his owner knows that. Therefore he is ready to sell him to you for a very modest sum.

Once having got the horse, your object must be to break him of his vice, and the way to do it is nearly always by kindness. Punishment, hard and sharp, will be necessary at times, but few horses are naturally vicious, and the one you are curing has probably been rendered so by the brutality of some groom; therefore you must make him over again by treating him well.

Groom him gently, and see that the brushes you use are not too hard for his skin. Don't ride him too far, or do anything else to tire him and make him irritable, for a horse is like a man in that he gets nasty when over-fatigued.

Buying a vicious mount is an interesting experiment for the competent horseman; but if you are timid or not very skilful, leave him alone.

Our Harvest Supper

A RURAL SKETCH.

We sweated through the harvest like slaves, always with one eye on the harvest money, which comes in handy for the year's rent and some odds and ends besides, and the other on the feast that "the measter" always provided for us when the fields were bare and the stubbles were taken possession of by the partridge coveys that were putting on the last ounce of plumpness before the sportsmen came over the ground.

And at last this evening had arrived. We knocked off work an hour earlier on this evening, as Farmer Jackson, for whom most of us worked, had asked us all to be at our places round the great trestle tables in the barn in good time.

"There's a main lot o' good tack to get through," he had told us jocularly, "and the best ale as I can draw from any o' my barrels."

GETTING EASY.

So here we were, all in our best, a little bit nervous of each other at first, because we so seldom met on these purely sociable terms for sheer enjoyment at our employer's expense. But this wore off in a short time, and we sat down to the well-spread board that ran down the whole length of the ancient barn.

It was a magnificent sight—the barn I mean, not ourselves, though we were not a bad lot of well-browned countrymen, and some of us had reputations for cunning hands at our jobs that had spread far beyond the next village.

The high-pitched roof of the old barn had the aspect almost of an ancient church. The black ra'ters ran up into a dim ridge ; all round the walls were miniature sheaves of wheat and barley, and other produce straight from the fields ; and between them hung many well-trimmed lamps that shed a soft light, and not a little odour of midnight oil, over the subsequent scenes of revelry.

FARMER JACKSON'S JOKE.

According to his custom, the farmer said "grace." It was characteristic of him — bluff, genuine, and hearty. This was it : "The Lord make us thankful." There was special emphasis on the "ful," and in the same breath he would on these occasions invariably add the command, "Take away these damned covers and let's get at the good things!" It was a time-honoured joke of his, and we all laughed heartily each year when we heard it, as though it were the latest yarn.

And then there followed the annual feast. To enumerate the dishes is needless and would be merely tiresome. The savoury and appetising steam from many a joint and many a herb-flavoured pie kept the appetites of every one of us pretty keen for some time. Dish succeeded dish with bewildering rapidity, and the local paper in recording our supper rightly, but rather crudely, said that we "did justice to all the good things provided."

MASTER AND MEN.

But above the pleasures of the table there was something still more attractive. Men who had worked all the year round more or less side by side, now discovered something else in each other. The labourers became human beings, and cast off for this hour or two the thrall of the employer, who became as one of them. Tongues that had rested for a year, save for monosyllabic greetings morning and evening to fellow-workers, now woke to activity, and the ancient barn was filled with the clatter of the plates and knives and forks, and the irregular, but free and natural flow of broad, shrewd, rural talk.

Men edged backwards a bit from the table as the meal proceeded ; others with partially successful efforts at concealment, strove to loosen a belt a hole or two or release a button ; and we grew merry and comfortable.

The farmer's wife, his sons, and his daughter and his maidservant had at last cleared the long table of its emptied dishes and well-cleaned plates. All the wreck and remnants of the harvest supper had disappeared, and there remained before each man only his glass. The farmer rose.

"Fill your glasses, lads ; ye'll want it soon," he called out, and a moment afterwards, in the simplest of words, he bade them drink with him to "The King."

And drink they did, every man, till every glass was put down drained.

We countrymen know little about politics, but there is one point about which we are enthusiastic, and that is our fidelity to the finest sportsman in the land—the King.

IN CLOUDS OF SMOKE.

Then we lighted pipes, taking our choice of 'baccy from a huge basket brought round filled with all the brands most popular in our neighbourhood. The barn grew misty with our clouds, so misty indeed that we hardly noticed old Jim Crowther, the most ancient ploughman on the farm, rising rather unsteadily at the end of the table. His still robust voice asked for silence, and in a homely strain he invited us to drink to the health, the very good health, and long life and happiness and prosperity of our host.

We did not want much asking, as we rose to a man, drained our glasses again, and did our very creditable best to sing "For he's a jolly good fellow."

The song continued in a desultory way in various quarters of the barn for some minutes until the rising of Farmer Jackson secured instant silence.

HIS ANNUAL SPEECH.

"I'm right glad to see ye all," he said, "and I hope I shall see ye all for many and many a harvest supper to come. We've had better years nor this one, but we've had worse, so I'm not going to grumble. I hope ye've all had as much of meat and drink as ye want, and I hope for the rest of the evening ye'll enjoy yourselves.

And he sat down, good humouredly smiling as we cheered the one speech he made in the course of each year.

As the hours went by, friends from outlying farms drove up to have a look in at the company and to drink our host's good health. Man after man rose in his place and gave us some rousing old country song, with plenty of chorus about apples and cider, and pretty girls and village churches, and the virtues of the "fine old English gentleman."

As the small hours crept on, the jollity grew spasmodic, and conversation lulled at times and burst out unexpectedly. We were feeling the effects of our host's hospitality, and had thoughts of sleep. Then, roused by a sharp rapping on the table, we were all commanded to "fill once more" and drink a final glass. And we did.

After raising three wild and lusty cheers for Farmer Jackson, one for the "little Jacksons," and one for "the Missus," we went our several ways, with the Farmer's cheery good-night ringing in our ears, and the pressure of his hearty handshake recalling our oft-repeated chorus : "For he's a jolly good fellow, for he's a jolly ——"

GERALD BEACON.

THE DRESSING-TABLE VASE.

A man should always keep on his dressing [illegible] some sort of vase into which he can put his butto[illegible] hole for the night, if he happens to be wearing one.

Any small sort of vase will do, and even [illegible] empty scent-bottle is quite capable of serving the purpose.

The chief thing is to see that it is kept fille[illegible] with water. When you go to bed you are [illegible] tired to bother about filling it, but if it is all re[illegible] you can thrust your buttonhole into it and keep [illegible] fresh for the next day.

Such flowers as roses and carnations will [illegible] perfectly fresh for a couple of days if [illegible] given this little attention, and you will be [illegible] the expense of buying another.

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BRIEF REPLIES.

[In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

T. H. (Oldham).—Sell your present motor-bike by advertising it in our Readers' Sale and Exchange, and get another of higher power. If you want speed, you've got to pay for it.

S. C. (Nottingham).—Certainly try for a place as second horseman; you will have a good deal of the fun of the chase, and your boss will probably allow you to come along occasionally, and be in at the death, provided there isn't very far to go and his discarded mount is not too much blown. You will, of course, require first-class testimonials.

T. McD. (Londonderry).—Unquestionably you should apprentice your son to a trade. Even if he doesn't make much now, it's better for the youngster in the long run, and he'll thank you, possibly when you're old and feel you want his thanks.

"THE NUT" (Manchester).—Don't take the horse without having, besides the usual warranty, a clause in your agreement permitting you to return him at any time within a month without giving a reason. This frees you of him if you find you don't like him. You will probably have to pay £1 a week for hire if you return him, but better that than being left with a horse that doesn't suit you.

O. W. (Chester).—Glad you're bucking up, old boy. We knew you would. Regarding your query, cut the swine; there's no purpose in keeping in with a man of that kind.

R. B. B. (Forfar).—Sorry to learn your newsagent doesn't show our bill; some of them are very slow in knowing a good thing. Ask him to do it; we shall regard it as a personal favour if you will.

W. A. M. (Glasgow).—Get a barber to give you a lesson in stropping your razor, and always dry it well before you put it away. Pay a fair price for your shaving soap—it means comfort. By shaving yourself you prevent all risk of that abominable disease called barber's rash.

B. E. W. (Bath). — "Etiquette for Men," by "Madge," of "Truth," is a reliable handbook, but nothing has ever been published to touch our own articles on "Etiquette for Men."

K. N. (Belfast).—Don't try to stop your growth, old chap. You're just fine for your age. When you're a year older join the North Irish Horse; we've lots of pals amongst them, and they are thorough sports.

"SMOKER" (Aberdeen).—To increase your weight eat plenty of the best grub, and get an appetite for it and the power to assimilate it by lots of exercise in the fresh air.

J. F. S. (Sheffield).—Heartiest thanks for photo of your team, but why didn't you send your address; we'd have written to you.

C. R. (Swindon).—You can hardly beat Professor Nicol's "English Composition" as an easy road to good style in writing. It costs, if we remember rightly, a shilling.

L. E. F. (Woolwich).—Practise that good old exercise where you lie on the floor and raise yourself up and down by straightening and bending your arms. This will soon bring up your chest measurement.

T. S. (Galashiels).—For unevenness in the development of the chest, or any other part of your anatomy, exercise the side which is defective and give the other the go-by.

L. D. (Saltcoats).—Nothing will prevent the chin of a dark man with strong hair from appearing blue after shaving. Don't worry about it. The girls like it, for vigorous growth of hair shows strength.

D. T. (Honiton).—(1) Our article, "The Whole Art of Boxing," giving all the hits and counters in detail, appeared in our eighth number. Copies can still be had post free at twopence a time. (2) It is quite possible to teach yourself, provided you have someone to practise with.

"TOM" (Northampton).—Don't go in for fancy watch-chains—give them to your girl instead. A bridle lip strap, costing ninepence at any saddler's, is good enough for any man's watch-guard.

F. R. (Kirkcudbright).—Better write to the Glasgow Veterinary College for particulars.

ON THE BANK.

A STUDY.

A cool September morning—a fishing-rod—a camp stool—and a tin of wriggling worms. That is all you require, because, although you may imagine you are fishing for the spiky-backed, striped perch, you are really only passing the time peacefully, and, with the exception of the fact that you know positively that you did have quite twenty worms in that tin and now only four remain, your only anxiety is what fate has befallen the others—that is to say, fourteen able-bodied worms — because you have only used one, and that at the present moment should be dangling artistically on the hook.

By the way, that float hasn't moved at all lately. . . . Yes; just what you thought, the wretched worm has walked off the barb.

Worst of worms—they are such contrary animals. Is a worm an animal or a reptile?

They never told you that at school. Natural history ought to be taught in schools instead of rot about "the pen of my uncle's gardener."

Of course, you have to put on another worm, and you really came to fish in that secluded spot for a little peace and quiet, combined with the mild excitement of your float suddenly sinking beneath the clear, pellucid water. That seemed rather good—clear—pellucid—water!

Of course, both adjectives meant the same thing, but pellucid expressed it so much better. Also it was rather a swankier term.

[Note.—When writing home to Flosinelle, say: "I have been fishing all the morning in the pellucid waters of the murmuring stream. 'Twas there, Maggie dear, with our hearts full of——" Hang it! you had got on to the "Old Rustic Bridge." Worst of letting your thoughts drift so . . . Perhaps it was the drift and ripple of the water out in mid-stream that did it. Got in your brain and rippled over it somehow. . . . Gad! what piffle you were thinking.]

Yes, it was really a beautiful spot—with trees on the opposite bank overhanging the cool water, not a soul in sight, and just the burble of the water plashing musically through the chinks in the old lock gate up stream.

Down stream, on the right you could see the old brick bridge—ah! as it bent o'er the—— Confound it! that everlasting "Old Rustic Bridge" was poking itself into your thoughts again.

Another try. To the right of you you could see the old bridge, which looked as if it could do with a good wash and brush up. . . .

Now, that last thought of yours was both original and funny. Fancy a bridge requiring a wash and brush up! You might apply it to London Bridge in town and rather score off that ass Horace Plant, who thought himself such a wit, and was perpetually reeling off yards of George Robey—carefully copied from Cuthbert Taylor. . . . And the grass that sprouted out on the brickwork of the bridge rather reminded you of that blidiot Plant's hair—it was just like hedgehog bristles, and stuck straight up.

Ah, but let all that go! It was just the essence of peacefulness, all this fishing, and fishing, and wishing. Thank heaven old Grant wasn't knocking about around here with his weary (and probably fictitious) tales of the South African War.

Not but that Rudolph was a dear old sport, if it wasn't for his energy. Of course, *he* couldn't sit still and watch the float just as you were doing. . . .

By the way, you hadn't looked at the float at all lately. Where the deuce could that float have got to? The line seemed to disappear into the reeds. . . . There!—!!!—???—* * *—and you had made up your mind not to swear from the moment you started your holiday until your return. Of course, too, you *could not* give it up at the office. That Warnsley was enough to make any peace-loving man, who merely wanted to be left alone to think after lunch, swear.

Gorgeous thought! Warnsley was now poring over the massive ledger, which was so very large that it very adequately hid the *Sportsman* from the unsportsmanlike gaze of Warnsley, and *you* were in the cool of a perfect autumn day, with a clear view into life as it really was. Not such a bad old world after all, if you let yourself meander on as slowly and peacefully as the stream, stopping here and there to pick up water lilies—the water lilies of life, which were the smiles of sweet women who had tenderness and admiration (for your noble self, of course) in their eyes.

But, hang it! a man did not always want women with him. If Flosinelle had been with you on the bank, for instance, she would have spoilt all the sylvan charm with a scream if that pale-green, gauzy-winged dragon-fly had hovered near her hair. . . .

Not that *you* had a deep-rooted admiration for dragon-flies. . . . Why won't the wretched little insect get away? . . . Ugh! it was tickling your ear. . . . Missed it, by gad! and very nearly precipitated yourself, stool, and even the tin (that you observed now contained one defunct worm) into the river. Missed it again.

Thank heaven it's off—winging over the reeds down stream.

Well, it would be rather a good idea to put on a pipe now. Why does the light breeze always blow in gusts when you are attempting to light up with the one match that you have discovered in the torn lining of your waistcoat, where a respectable pocket ought to be? Phew! . . . a near thing, but you have just done it after all. A little hard puffing—and that's all right!

By the way, of course you had come fishing. Where the deuce was the rod? Where the—what the—why the—? Ah, of course, half of it is balanced on the edge of the bank, must have caught it with your boot when you attempted to annihilate the dragon-fly. Wonderful, what a lot of trouble so small an insect could cause, but it was the small insects of this world. . . No, epigrams *strictly* barred. Besides, you were never very good at them.

Lordy, that float of yours has gone down, sunk suddenly, evidently tugged at by something big. There were a few big fish in this river, too, a wherryman had told you. . . . Now to play him carefully. . . Yes . . . got him! Now to rise him. Lordy, how he tugged! What a catch by Gosh!

There goes the stool in the river. Doesn't matter! There goes the defunct worm in his tin sarcophagus (why were you so clumsy?).

Oh, gee! Not so big as you thought, but how the little thing splashes.

"Well, fancy *you*, you little beast, to cause all that excitement to a man who is taking a 'rest' cure!"

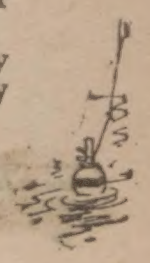
There was a notice somewhere signed by the Conservators suggesting that all fish of three ounces and under should be thrown back.

You would be sportsman-like and do it. "There, my beauty, you're going back again!"

Hang it! the little wretch has pricked your finger. Worst of those spiky-backed perch.

By George! two o'clock—and if you don't hurry up you'll be late for the farmhouse dinner. Lovely sport—fishing.

S. B. WORSFOLD.



THE OUTTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

PUTTING AWAY SUMMER CLOTHING.

About this time of year most men are beginning to think of stowing away their summer clothes and bringing out their thicker winter ones.

Many will store them with lumps of napthaline or camphor strewed among them, or with a bag of cedar wood or lavender or other scented stuff, in order to drive away the moth, which has such great opportunities for damage before summer returns again.

But a man does not want his clothes to be scented like a woman's, or still less to retain the unpleasant smell of camphor.

A far better plan is merely to wrap the clothes up in newspaper—some penny papers provide you with quite a lot of paper at the price, and advertisements are quite as effective as leading articles.

The moth has an inherent dislike of printer's ink—perhaps some in this age of the making of many books will say that he shows his good taste thereby.

It is most important when putting away summer clothes to see that they are correctly folded. The trousers should be carefully arranged so that the crease is in the right place and the waistcoat should be folded inside out and flat.

The coat, however, should, if possible, be hung on a coat-hanger inside a cupboard or wardrobe, with a newspaper laid over it to perform the double duty of keeping the dust and moth off it.

The creases that are the result of four or five months' lying-by are difficult to remove, and you will not want to take the clothes and shake them out at intervals through the winter.

THE POPULAR BLUE SUIT.

There is no doubt that the popularity of the navy blue suit is on the increase rather than the decline. And it is in keeping with the present high standard of taste in dress that it should be so. There is no costume in which a well-developed man looks better. But the blue that is most in favour is not the heavy dark blue of some years ago, but something several shades lighter and with more life in it.

The material also is not the thick heavy serge once so common, but a greater variety is available both of flannels and serges, some with faint white lines, others with a just visible herring-bone pattern, and so on.

These lighter materials are capable of fitting closer to the body than the less modern, long-wearing, shiny serges, and they are thus better adapted to the present style of close-fitting, full-skirted lounge coat.

Shirt and socks of some shade of mauve, purple or blue are undoubtedly best fitted for wear with the up-to-date blue suit, and it looks very well, especially on the river, in conjunction with an Alpine hat of rather light green.

THE BLANKET COAT

Now that the seasons seem to be gradually changing places, like the guests at the Mad Hatter's tea party, the tennis season cannot be said to be at an end until well on in October.

But, nevertheless, on many days when the game is quite possible, tennis togs are a trifle cool for sitting or standing about in, and something warmer than a blazer seems necessary.

It is at times like this when the blanket coat becomes useful. It has hitherto for some reason been practically restricted to tennis and racquet players, but there is no reason why it should be. Still less reason is there why it should only be worn by champion, or at least tournament, players.

The blanket coat is a wide-skirted, loosely-fitting overcoat, made of a soft white blanket cloth, and unlined. It is usually double-breasted, and fitted with capacious pockets.

It has become known as a tennis overcoat, mainly, I suppose, because the long waits involved between the matches make it a boon and a blessing to the tournament player. But it is admirably adapted for the needs of the athlete, whatever his favourite sport, especially for the runner, and it makes an excellent substitute for that rather unmanly garment the dressing-gown.

COLLAR BAGS.

The usual receptacle for the packing of collars—when they did not get put in loose and take their chance of being crushed—was a hard, round box, which took up a vast amount of room, and was extremely difficult to pack anywhere but inside a tall hat.

A far better expedient is the collar bag now in vogue. It is circular in shape, and the sides and bottom are sufficiently stiff to protect the collars from being crushed.

But instead of a hard lid, the box is encased in a bag of soft leather or other material, the mouth of which is closed by being drawn together on a string in the same way as a sponge bag.

The collars are thus kept clean and in their proper shape, while the difficulties of packing are greatly lessened by the pliable and expanding top, for handkerchiefs, ties, or other soft articles can be packed in with the collars, and give additional protection.

An even newer expedient is a wedge-shaped case of leather of a medium softness, which is strapped round the middle. By this means, though the collars are not kept round, the economy of space is great.

UNDERWEAR.

The sudden arrival of the August heat wave was very generally welcomed by dealers in men's wear with heavy summer stocks still on their hands, but the fly in the ointment was not lacking.

The farmer has long enjoyed the privilege of grumbling at the weather, whatever its character, but the outfitter seems not disinclined to challenge his monopoly.

A leading trade paper recently uttered a heat-inspired wail over the "growing practice of discarding entirely all forms of undergarments." This seems to suggest a speedy return to the costume of the Garden of Eden, for if underclothing goes, overwear will no doubt be inclined to follow its example.

One is reminded of Sir W. S. Gilbert's description of the costume of the ancient Greeks:

> They wore little underclothing,
> Hardly anything or nothing,
> And their dress of Coan silk was quite transparent in design.
> 'Twas, in fact, in summer weather
> Something like the altogether,
> And it's there, I rather fancy, I shall have to draw the line!

But surely matters are not so bad as our contemporary would have us believe. And it supplies the corrective itself in the same issue. The City of Leeds, at least, is still faithful found, for we read that men's underwear garments in the newest and most useful designs were being shown there to advantage.

WINTER OVERCOATS.

Thanks to the treacherous climate which is his birthright, the Briton usually has to think about getting his winter overcoat before autumn is well under way.

The average man, of course, makes his winter overcoat last for two or three years, for the fashions in this particular garment do not change sufficiently rapidly to make a yearly change necessary, even if one could afford it.

But it is all the more necessary, therefore, to see that when a new overcoat has to be purchased it is cut in the very latest style. Anything at all bizarre, or any details of style which are not likely to survive till another season, should be carefully avoided, but apart from this the coat should be in every way up to date.

There seems every prospect this year of the popularity of the double-breasted overcoat, which seemed to have returned in some degree at the beginning of the year, being continued.

The business man's everyday coat, however, is best made single-breasted, and the "Chesterfield" overcoat with a rather low-cut opening and wide lapels is the most suitable pattern.

The velvet collar shows some signs of returning to favour, but it is undesirable on any but a "full dress" or evening coat, with which a scarf is worn, for the velvet invariably retains the dirt and soils the collar, and is unsuited to hard wear in all weathers.

THE NEW EVENING VEST.

The old style of evening waistcoat, which had an opening of even width all the way down, finishing with a circular or almost square cut, is dying the death.

The new style that is replacing it is, like so many of our modern fashions, a revival from the days of the dandies.

The opening is much smaller, and is simply a wide cut V. There is usually a turned back piece to it, and the points in front are cut well away and are longer than of old.

This type of waistcoat, to my mind, looks much better than the old pattern with its wide expanse of shirt front, and it has the great advantage that the shirt is not liable to bulge forward as before, and it is not necessary to have such an unpleasant width of starched shirt front.

IMPORTANT.

WHY not have your suit cut by the man who fitted H.M. the **KING?**

FACE to face we know we could convince you to order your Autumn Suit from us and be fitted by **Mr. ELLIS,** who was for ten years principal cutter to a Bond Street House, numbering Royalty amongst its clientèle. But as we have no travellers we must depend upon our advertisement and our tailoring to increase our Business. We want your custom.

We Buy and Sell for cash, eliminating the cost of credit. We do not maintain any travellers, eliminating another cost. These two costs not existing in our business we can provide you with equal Quality Clothes as in Bond Street at practically Half their usual charges.

The MAJOR says:
That Messrs. Ellis cannot be beaten for Style, Fit, and Material.

LOUNGE SUIT in Indigo Blue, New Brown, New Green **MATERIALS.** **50/-**

TRY US.

Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance no object.

J. & H. ELLIS,
The Smart Set Tailors,
201, STRAND, W.C.,
And 20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

This is a sample of style and fit. *We give it.*

Every Londoner should make a point of calling.

Printed by THE VICTORIA HOUSE PRINTING CO., LTD., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and published for the Proprietor by ODHAMS, LTD., 67, Long Acre, London. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 67, Long Acre, W.C. *Sole Agents for the Colonies:* GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Dark grey suit, almost new, 6ft., chest 38. Cost 50s., sell 15s. Approval.—Box 1088, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Suit length fancy tweeds, this season's pattern, 11s. 6d.—E. Haywood, Briggate, Brighouse, Yorks.

Gentleman's fawn waterproof, quite new, cost 40s.; will accept 20s., or offers; will fit 38in. or 40in. chest.—Box 1090, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted, trousers, 34in. waist, spiked running shoes, sevens; give cash part exchange.—Box 1097, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted, lounge suit, dark, working-man, chest 36in., waist 32in., leg 34in., sleeve 20in.; approval.—Box 1098, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Dress suit, frock-coat and vest, morning coat, vest, and trousers, all nearly new; height 5ft. 11in., chest 36in.; £4.—Box 1099, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Splendid Irish frieze overcoat, plaid lined, worn twice, suit motorist, tall, slim; bargain, 35s.; approval if carriage paid.—Box 1100, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gentleman's Derby tweed suit, never worn, 29in. waist, 32in. leg, £1; hunting breeches, misfit, 10s.; heavy boxcloth coat, fit tall man, 7s. 6d.; covert, double-breasted, new, 10s.; one rainproof tweed, 5s.—Box 1101, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Wanted, good pair roller-skates, must have steel wheels and in good order.—Box 1125, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Bargain, popular two-guinea course discs and bars, good condition; guinea, or nearest offer.—Goss, Bampton Street, Tiverton, Devon.

Sandow's Developer, 8s.; Sandow's Grips, 8s. Almost new.—T. Osborne, jun., Marino, Co. Down, Ireland.

Wanted, Hardy cane trout rod, 10ft. to 12ft.; state whether steel centre, lowest price.—Box 1102, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Billiard table, by Bennett, full size, oak frame, good condition; will accept £18 for quick sale; first-rate table for club.—Box 1103, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Canvas covered canoe, very strong, light, and reliable, suitable for river or lake, with double paddle; 16s.—Box 1104, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted, second-hand vaulting horse, also one dozen pairs Indian clubs; state sizes, condition, and lowest price for ready cash.—Box 1105, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London,

Physical Culture.—See Inch's advertisement, page 16.

Wanted, gentleman's pair of high-class roller-skates, in good condition; lowest price.—Box 1129, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

DOGS.

Dark brindle bulldog, 4 years, affectionate, Rodney Stone blood, about 48lb; 5gs.—Box 1,117, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Splendid collie dog, attractively marked, rough-coated, sable, white, 14 months old, mother taken several first prizes, £3 to good home. Sold as owner has too many dogs.—Box 1118, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

TRADE.

Safety Razor, with extra blades.—Satisfaction guaranteed; 2s. 6d.—Box 841, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Watches.—Ladies' or Gent's; silver; perfect timekeepers; 7s. each; ditto in gold, 13s. 6d. each.—Box 840, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Fountain Pen.—Very fine; solid gold nib; only 2s.—Box 842, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

"DIGS."

Young couple have furnished bedroom to let, near Kennington Park, suit one, no other lodgers. Board if required.—Box 1089, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Furnished bedroom, S.W. district, easy access City; no other lodgers; very moderate.—Box 1110, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Furnished House to be let for six months, in charming grounds of about ¾-acre; four reception rooms, five bedrooms, bathroom, etc., and usual domestic offices; stabling or motor garage.—Mornington Lodge, Old Southgate, N.

STAMPS.

Wanted, a collection of British Colonials, must be cheap for cash.—Box 1092, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Good collection, over 2,200 stamps, in Lincoln album, 35s. Bargain.—Box 1093, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Collection 500 different stamps, loose, 3s.; also 600 different, 4s.—W. Wright, 129, King Street, Great Yarmouth.

Dispersing magnificent lot of British Colonial stamps, collected with scrupulous regard for perfect condition, mint and used, prices average 60 per cent. discount off Gibbons. No rubbish, every specimen exemplary.—Box 1111, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

For sale, English 1840 2d. blue, no lines; singles, pairs, strips, varieties, ditto on entires, also Gambia, 1886, all values, mint, shades. References given, required.—Box 1112, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Foreign stamps, of about 50 nationalities, for exchange. What offers?—Box 1113, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

CYCLES.

Motor Cycle, £6 10s., good order, bargain, Quadrant, Minerva engine.—Box 1018, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Motor Cycle wanted, reliable make; will exchange gentleman's new Premier push bicycle and cash adjustment.—Box 1114, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MUSIC.

English concertina in case, by Lachenal, 48 keys, in rosewood, nearly new; cost £3 5s., accept 35s. or offer.—Box 1094, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Ebonite Rockstro flute, £12, cost £35; cocus Boehm, silver keys, £8.—Box 1115, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Violin wanted; must be complete, with wood case, &c., and in good order.—Box 1116, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Banjoes, etc.—See Hewitt's advertisement, page 19.

EDUCATIONAL.

Five pounds per week and upwards earned by Advertisement Writers; opportunities for ambitious people; prospectus post free.—(Dept. 38) Page Davis Advertising School, 15, Oxford St., London, W.

Seven volumes "Electrical Engineering," published by Electrical Engineering Institute, with examination papers. Unsoiled. Cost £7. What offers?—Cecil Wood, 35, Elm Bank Mansions, Barnes, S.W.

Harmsworth Self-Educator, complete, 3 vols., bound half leather, quite new; what offers?—Box 1091, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Shorthand.—See Sloan Duployan's advertisement, page 19.

POULTRY YARD.

Wanted, incubator, must be good make and in good working order; cheap.—Box 1119, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted, incubator, Cyphers' 100, modern make, must be in first-class order and cheap.—Box 1120, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

RIDING AND DRIVING.

Several cheap landaus, victorias, governess, Ralli cars; cheap.—Box 1106, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Capital four-wheel shooting dogcart, varnished, suit 15.2, single or pair, brake, boxwood steps, good order; 12gs., very cheap.—Box 1107, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

SADDLERY.

Brown pony harness, for 12 or 13 hands, good condition; complete, 50s., or will exchange for full size.—Box 1108, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted, set light built brown harness, cob 14 hands good condition, cheap; approval.—Box 1109, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MEDICAL.

The Hair.—Premature baldness prevented, and dryness, falling hair, &c., cured by sure process. Instructions and recipe, P.O. 1s.—Box 1087, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Medical electric battery, in perfect condition, cost £7 10s.; exchange live poultry or 30s.—Box 1128, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

JEWELLERY.

Gent's Express English lever watch, as good as new; cost 50s., take 20s.—Box 1095, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Old-fashioned onyx stone scarfpin, 15s.—Box 1121, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Diamond scarfpin, claw setting, only £2 17s. 6d.—Box 1122, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gentleman's 9ct. quarter repeater full hunter watch, new two months ago, perfect order, sacrifice £9, or nearest offer, money wanted, strikes on sweet-toned gong.—Box 1123, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London,

Wanted, gold chronograph, by good maker. Will give 6-h.p. 1908 N.S.U. motor-cycle and side car, value £30.—Box 1124, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Educated young gentleman desires post as secretary and assistant to gentleman farmer.—Box 1130, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Grit, combined with a few shillings outlay," will make you independent for life. Our book contains 400 real trade secrets and the "Know How"; post paid, 1s. 2d.—G. M. Wilkes Company, Stockton, Rugby.

Kepeklene coats (Khaki), full length; splendid for cyclists, clerks, warehousemen; saves clothes. 5s. 3d. paid.—Bezzant, Colston-street, Bristol.

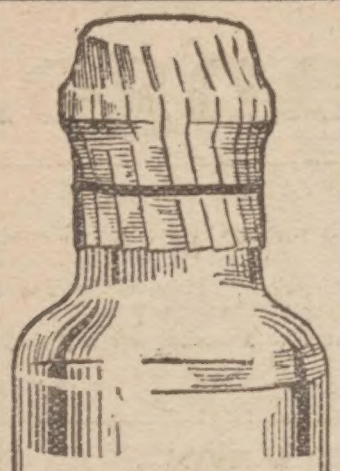
Bargains.—Parlour 7-piece saddle-bag suite, £5 5s.; 9-drawer oak desk, 35s.; sideboard, £6; 26in. cycle, £3 10s.; Psychic Research course, 7s. 6d.; H. and S. Developer, 5s. 6d.; Clease Extensor, 3s.; 54-wired Zither, 20s.; 7 vols. "British Empire," 15s.; 2 vols. "Harmsworth History," 5s.; 30 'phone records, 8s.; bathing tent, 12s. 6d.—Box 1096, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 685, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Handsome Gent's Simulation Gold Watch.—Keyless; guaranteed perfect timekeeper; 3s. 6d. post free.—Wellworth, Norwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

Handsome Gent.'s Double Simulation Gold Albert.—1s. post free; with free gift of handsome seal to wear with same.—Wellworth and Co., Norwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

Wanted, Home phonograph and records; reasonable for cash or give gentleman's cycle and cash.—Box1131, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre London,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Pursuant to "Trade Marks Registration Act," 1875.
Class 3.
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PHOSPHORUS
FOR
BRAIN AND NERVES.
TABLE OF DOSES.
Under 5 years - 5 to 10 drops
5 to 10 " - 10 " 20 "
10 to 14 " - 20 " 30 "
14 to 20 " - 30 " 45 "
21 and over - 50 " 60 "
THE DOSE FOR AN ADULT IS ONE TEA-SPOONFUL, NIGHT AND MORNING, HALF-AN-HOUR BEFORE FOOD.
PREPARED BY
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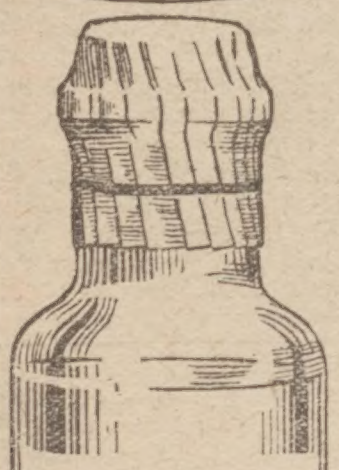
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21 and over - 50 " 60 "
THE DOSE FOR AN ADULT IS ONE TEA-SPOONFUL, NIGHT AND MORNING, HALF-AN-HOUR BEFORE FOOD.
PREPARED BY
GORDON, MURRAY & CO. LTD
10, Adam Street,
Strand, London, W.C.

TRY
BIRLEY'S
PHOSPHORUS
FOR ONE WEEK
FREE

It is an acknowledged fact that a lowered nervous system means a diminished amount of Phosphorus in the Brain. The Brain is the seat of nearly all the Phosphorus that the human body naturally possesses, and it is the presence of this wonderful element in the Brain that enables it to act—to think, to control, to direct our every action, to maintain our health, and to fight against and ward off disease.

Continued strain on the Brain and Nerves diminishes or uses up the Phosphorus at too great a rate, and when it is below Nature's level there quickly follows one or other of the many nervous troubles so prevalent.

It is self-evident what is required of us—we must give back to the brain and nerves the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

PHOSPHORUS **PROPERLY** ADMINISTERED

CURES ALL NERVE COMPLAINTS

It has very remarkable powers, and is a speedy and safe cure for Neuralgia, Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervous Indigestion, Palpitation, Hysteria, Neuritis, Nausea, Loss of Memory, Faintness, St. Vitus' Dance, Trembling, Vertigo, or Giddiness, and those ***vague and undefined nervous conditions*** (all real and distressing to the patient) of Neurasthenia, viz.: Over-sensitiveness, lassitude, ill-temper, vague fears, despondency or depression, morbid forebodings, irritability, restlessness, melancholia, moroseness, general nervous debility, and mental exhaustion, with inability to concentrate the mind.

Each and every one of these distressing conditions can be made to yield to and disappear under the direct influence of Birley's Phosphorus.

Oppressed by worry, anxiety, overwork, and heavy responsibilities, the nervous system deteriorates, and leaves the way open for all manner of complaints. Birley's Phosphorus should here be allowed to give its incomparable aid. It invigorates, sustains, strengthens, and fortifies the nervous system.

As a reviver during stress of extra business and overwork it is invaluable, for it quickens and enriches the brain and nerves that bear the strain. It promotes recovery after illness.

Phosphorus is not one of those things that can be administered to the human body in a haphazard manner. The only form known to medical science to which can be laid definite claims of certainty of action is that introduced by the late Dr. Samuel Birley, and styled Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus.

Distinct from Phosphorus as ordinarily understood and compounded by the chemist, this form is capable of being assimilated—that is, in consequence of its being held in perfect solution by a special process of manufacture, it is certain of entry into the blood-stream, to be carried thereby direct to the brain, the central station of the nervous system, and thus absorbed and established as part and parcel of the brain itself. By this means the brain and nervous system can be supplied with the one element they alone are in need of, and so maintained in a state of perfect and positive efficiency.

Birley's Phosphorus is obtainable of all Chemists, &c., I/I½, 2/6, 4/6.

SEND THIS COUPON (D.X. 29) TO-DAY

to Gordon, Murray, and Co., Ltd., 10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C., with Four Penny Stamps to cover Parcel Postage, Packing, and Dispatching, and the generous-size Trial Bottle of Birley's Phosphorus, as illustrated above (containing a week's supply), will be forwarded by return. Also pamphlet explaining how Phosphorus acts on the system. **ONE** Trial Bottle **Only** to each applicant. Trial Bottles cannot be sent abroad.

REGISTERED.—
Pursuant to "Trade Marks Registration Act," 1875.
Class 3.
BIRLEY'S
PHOSPHORUS
FOR
BRAIN AND NERVES.
TABLE OF DOSES.
Under 5 years - 5 to 10 drops
5 to 10 " - 10 " 20 "
10 to 14 " - 20 " 30 "
14 to 20 " - 30 " 45 "
21 and over - 50 " 60 "
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